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THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 10, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, June 10, 1936

No. 1695. Vol. CXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

The Countess of Inchcape

Here is a new portrait of Lord Inchcape's attractive second wife, whom he married in 1933, and by whom he has one two-year-old son, Simon Brooke Mackay. Lady Inchcape was Leonora Brooke, and is the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak's eldest daughter; of her two sisters, one is Mrs. Harry Roy, and the youngest, Valerie Brooke, is unmarried and nineteen this year. Lord Inchcape, who became the second Earl in 1932, succeeded to many of his father's interests in the shipping world; he is a partner in two firms in London and Calcutta, a director of two others, including the P. and O., and deputy chairman of the Marine Insurance Company. He owns a house in Park Street, Cawston House, near Rugby, and Glenapp Castle in Ayrshire

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 24

Gilbert Miller

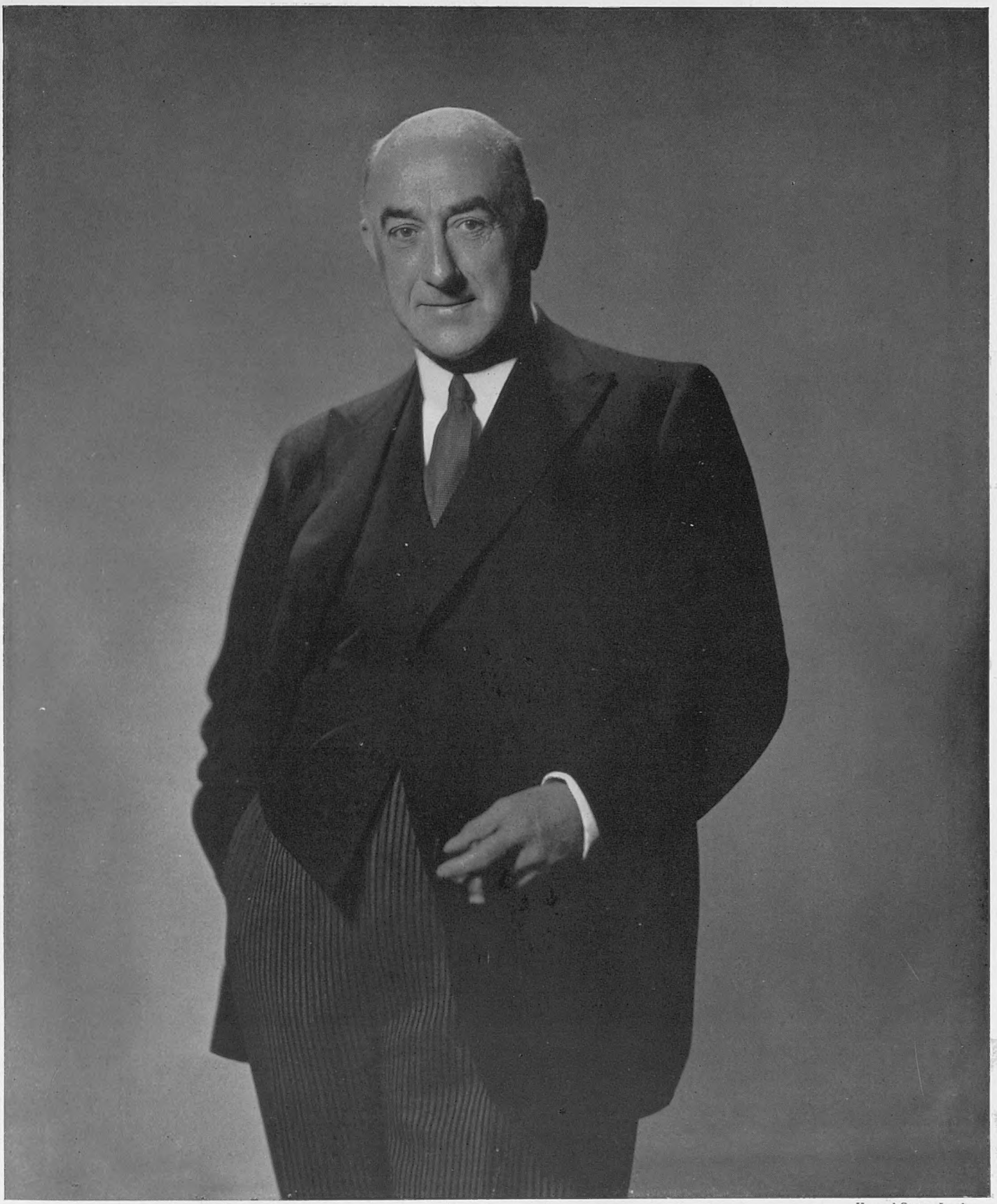
IF it had not been for his refusal to be scared by the German submarine menace in 1916, England might never have been able to enjoy such successes of Gilbert Miller as *The Bat, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The Late Christopher Bean, Tovarich, Reunion in Vienna,* and a host of other good things. For he alone of Charles Frohman's organisation agreed to brave the Atlantic during the war and put on *Daddy Long-Legs*. Having arrived, he took 36, South Street, and though intending to return to New York permanently, has remained in London, with brief intervals, ever since.

WITH his huge shoulders, short, hooked nose, double chin, creased brown eyes, electric vitality, and magnificent hate of the cinema, Gilbert Miller has become the leading producer of straight plays in London. His only lapse was *Monsieur Beaucaire* in 1919. At the moment his *Victoria Regina* is the smash hit of New York, while in London *Boy Meets Girl* is repeating its sensational Broadway success.

THOUGH the son of Henry Miller, greatest of late-Victorian actors in the U.S., and grandson of the original Dame aux Camélias, Gilbert Miller was a terrible actor for the brief period he trod the boards. To-day he can congratulate himself on having discovered Leslie Howard and Edna Best and on giving Noel Coward his first real chance (in *The Saving Grace*). Gilbert Miller is exceedingly restless; takes off a failure almost before it has been put on; picks up foreign languages at the drop of a hat; is married to the former Kitty Bache; feels disillusioned when he meets celebrities; is not at all social, despite assertions to the contrary; thinks of almost everything in terms of theatre; regards Cedric Hardwicke as the greatest character actor alive and Helen Hayes as the finest actress; prefers Molnar to any other author and Budapest to any other city except London; abominates American business big shots and all American food except shad roe; felt acute surprise at the success of *The Late Christopher Bean,* which he only meant as a vehicle for Hardwicke; is charming to his cast, unless one of them tries to act the prima donna; sits frozen in the last row of the dress-circle at his own first nights; considers that C. B. Cochran has more brains in his left heel than the rest of Wardour Street put together; weighs fifteen stone but shoots and plays golf; pilots his own aeroplane; reads all the travel advertisements on which he can lay hands; and is the most fervent Anglophile I know.

HIS only superstition is—or, rather, used to be—thirteen. At one time he decided that it was his jinx, and he temporarily styled himself G. H. Miller, because Gilbert Miller added up to the unlucky number. In recent years, however, he has come to the conclusion that, after all, maybe it is not necessarily so unfortunate.

Charles Graves



Howard Coster, London

Promoters of Employment: No. 4. Sir Harry McGowan

Sir Harry Duncan McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., is Chairman and Managing Director of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. I.C.I., with its head offices in the vast Imperial Chemical House on Millbank, employs 50,000 people in the United Kingdom alone; many more are concerned in its subsidiaries abroad, which include manufacturing and selling companies in almost every market in the world. The company is ten years old; it was formed from a combine by Sir Harry McGowan and the first Lord Melchett in 1926. Sir Harry McGowan had already served thirty-six years in the chemical and allied industries at that time; he entered Nobel's Explosives, in Glasgow, where he was born, at the age of fifteen, became a director twenty-six years later, and managing director in 1918, when he was knighted. His many directorships include those of the Midland Bank and of General Motors; he travels widely to supervise I.C.I. and allied business, crossed on the Queen Mary to America, where he is at present, was sixty-two last week, and has two sons and two daughters

Lady Plunket and Mr. John de Forest emerged arm in arm on to the Hermitage steps and looked at what? The weather?

Mrs. Charles Mills and Gertie, Lady Dudley had golf on their minds. Lady Dudley owns the Châlet du Bois at Le Touquet

Lady Veronica Hornby and her clothes are always irresistible camera-copy. She and her husband, Mr. Anthony Hornby, had found something to do (tennis) that's rarely on the Le Touquet schedule, even when it's much hotter

Again Le Touquet

All These People Went the Same Way for Whitsun

Le Touquet reached a peak of sardine-crowdedness this Whitsun: all the regulars from England were there, plus scores who don't make a habit of the place, and many more French people, than usual. The golf courses were as full as a moving staircase (perhaps that's why the Hornby's played tennis). And it was very cold. Other (and more interesting) news items in "Going Out to Goings On"

Above: Mrs. Julian Lezard, Lady Furness. Lord Furness, Miss Rosamund Broughton (the week-end's best-looking debutante), and Mr. Angus Cameron made a playing and non-playing golf group

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Sir John Mullens, Mrs. Leveson-Gower's father, and Miss Inez Quilter were in the same party and played their golf together

Right: Captain "Lex" Wilson and Mrs. Donald Cameron both own faces that Le Touquet expects to see at these week-ends. Mrs. Wilson, who was there too, has just returned from a South African there-and-back trip

Above are Mrs. James Dodds, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray, and her youngest sister, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, and their mother, Lady Cowdray

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Saville sat out in the sun for their after-lunch coffee, and he had the family sunshade. He used to direct films for Gaumont-British, but now is in charge of a London Films producing unit at Denham

The Fifth Place

Miss Peeps listed four Le Touquet "places to be"—bed, casino, golf course, or spending winnings in shops. Add the Normandie Bar and you won't have missed much—you won't miss anything or anyone if you go there just before lunch

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt were another couple of film celebrities who cut their Whitsun to a Le Touquet pattern

Right: the busiest man in the place for several hours a day was the caddie master, disentangling a few hundred golf bags from each other

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Ah, Vortex!

"Ways and Means" and "Still Life" (Phœnix)

Two new plays have been added to Noel Coward's programme at the Phœnix Theatre. The first, *Ways and Means*, is an airy trifle about an attractive young couple who are living a gay life entirely beyond their means, and employing ways which are not beyond reproach to replenish their funds. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence as the Cartwrights indulge in a great deal of bright chat with an occasional spot of rough and tumble. It all amounts to very little, but in spite of that it is amusing and was received by the audience with much hilarity.

In the other play, *Still Life*, the author is not altogether successful. He writes this time about an ordinary couple, just the average man and woman, but he paints them in unnecessarily dull colours. After all, people are not all either glittering or drab—there is a pleasantly human medium. These two meet by chance in the refreshment-room of a railway station, and we see them meeting there at intervals during the year that their romance lasts. Actually, it is a rather sordid little affair and not so pathetically tragic as Noel Coward, with his persuasive dialogue, tries to make us believe.

The proceedings are much enlivened by the doings of the station staff, particularly the "refeened" barmaid, excellently played by Joyce Carey.

An old friend arrives (Edward Underdown)

"Ah, Wilderness!" (Ambassadors)

This is a comedy dealing with the domestic life of a family living in a small town in Connecticut. It was written in one of Eugene O'Neill's more frivolous moments, and it is very good fun to look into the Millers' home, where they are celebrating the glorious Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller are delightful creatures who make a brave show of being Spartan with their rather unruly brood, though actually they have the softest of parental hearts; their chief preoccupation is their son, Richard, a High School boy about to go to Yale, and he certainly is a problem for any parents, and it is difficult to sympathise with his ardent attacks of calf-love for a colourless young person called Muriel; in fact, the honours of the play definitely go to the older folk. As the parents, both Paul Farrell and Ann Penhallow give outstandingly good performances, and Edward Lexy as Uncle Sid is perfectly delightful. It is not often that a drunken scene can be absolutely devoid of offence, but he is so genuinely amusing and gay in his cups that everyone must laugh at him—even prim Aunt Lily (Eileen Ashe).

The play is brilliantly acted by Lord Longford's Irish company, and they have exceptionally good material on which to work. Eugene O'Neill has given as much thought and skill to the writing of this "comedy of recollection" as to his more serious dramas: possibly it has been drawn from his personal recollections of life in some such town in his youth. There is one thing that mars the production, and that is the scene on the beach, which is a very makeshift kind of affair with poor lighting effects.

Stella and Toby Cartwright (Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward) resent intrusion

Second Thoughts on First Nights *(continued)*

The Mixture as Before

"Boy Meets Girl" (Shaftesbury)

HOLLYWOOD is a popular peg on which the satirist may hang the incredible doings of a crowd of people who always appear singularly unlikely to be able to make the colossal fortunes accredited to all concerned with the studios of that holy of holies of the film world. If there is anyone who is genuinely attached to, and proud of, Hollywood, why do they not rise in their wrath and write, or cause to be written, a play vindicating its honour and showing the world what life there really is? Or, if they did, would it turn out to be just like all the other plays on the subject? What a horrid thought!

The new production at the Shaftesbury contains all the old ingredients—the wise-cracking scenario writers; the male film star who is a seething mass of vanity with no glimmer of intelligence; the tame musicians kept at hand to turn out tunes on demand, and the pompous producer with his unplumbed depths of ignorance. The formula which, in their opinion, never fails to make a successful screen story is "Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy gets girl," and on these lines they get down to work.

The boy in the case is fortuitously found in a young Englishman who has been engaged as an extra in a film and promptly fired for trying to put the producer right as to the uniform worn by a captain in the Life Guards. The girl is Susie, the charming little waitress from the studio canteen, who obligingly provides a new line on the old theme by having an unauthorised but delightful baby called Happy; and he is soon co-opted as the newest thing in film stars. A little later, owing to the machinations of a press agent, poor Happy loses his job and is in the desperate plight of being out of work at eight months old, but eventually the last part of the slogan is fulfilled, boy gets girl, and takes her to his ancestral home in England, complete with baby.

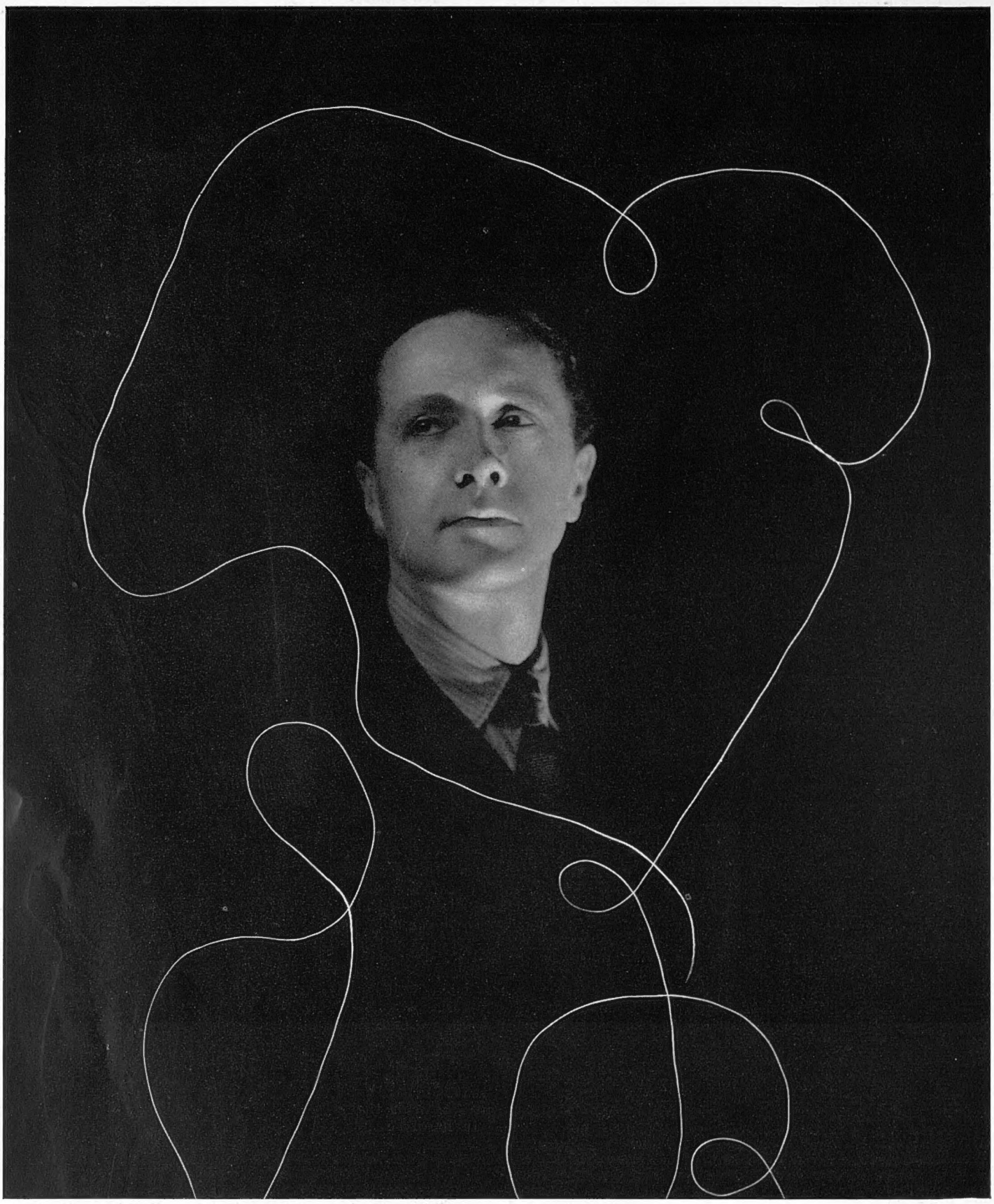
The play is rollicking and full of smart talk, but it lacks the keen wit of *Once in a Lifetime*, a Hollywood play of a few years ago; there are some very good ideas, but not enough of them, and they are reiterated perilously near to the ad nauseam point. The part of Susie (played by Helen Chandler with a naïve charm) was a big factor in the success of the evening, and as the well-contrasted scenario writers, Clinton Sundberg and Donald Macdonald kept things going magnificently; the rest of the cast acted well and enthusiastically, though the American policy of hustle was responsible for the mistake made several times of not waiting for the laughs—and there certainly were a great many laughs. It is a curious thing that almost any joke sounds funnier in American than it does in English. It hardly seems fair.

Boy meets girl: Bramwell Fletcher, as an unauthentic Coldstreamer, meets Helen Chandler, as an authentic waitress

A coupla guys who write—Clinton Sundberg and Donald Macdonald

Sketches by Rouson

Right: Yes Men: Larry Toms (Don Douglas) says yes to Mr. Friday (Frank Fenton), who says yes to someone else



Norman Parkinson

A New Line on Owen Nares

Owen Nares said a week or two ago that he was glad to rise from mere hero parts to more elderly rôles as father, and the proof of it is in the success of Dodie Smith's entertaining *Call It a Day* (which he produced), now in its seventh month at the Globe. He plays paterfamilias Hilton, and his son, Geoffrey Nares, is also his son in the play. Owen Nares' last hero part was Randolph Warrender in *Youth at the Helm*, and that was thirty-seven years after he first walked on, at the age of twenty, at the Haymarket; since when he has played and produced countless pieces, from Shakespeare to Edgar Wallace, as well as trying his hand at management for two post-war years, in conjunction with Sir Alfred Butt. The Grand Variety Matinée in aid of the Margaret Street Hospital last Monday was run by him under the chairmanship of Lady Titchfield

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

Not even the most ardent supporter of the theory behind a National Government can pretend that, in practice, this particular National Government retired for Whitsun in perfect formation, with flags flying and kettledrums beating. The resignation of Mr. Thomas knocked a big hole in the façade. The defeat in the House on Equal Pay for Women Civil Servants did not help, still less did the subsequent tactics of the Front Bench. The withdrawal of the Coal Mines Bill came on top of the Sanctions muddle and the quaint appointment of Sir Thomas Inskip as Defence Co-ordinator, to give an impression of wobble and tangle.

It is far better to do the wrong thing energetically and decisively, said Napoleon, than to hesitate. At the moment the Government seems to be lost in a labyrinth of magnificent hesitation. Perhaps the imminent return of Sir Samuel Hoare may add some much-needed stiffening. He at least was decisive in doing what the country decided was the wrong thing. And where—oh, where—is Mr. Eden all this time? The one-time blue-eyed boy of the populace, he seems to have slowly and silently faded away.

The publication of the report on the Budget leakage has put an end in no uncertain way to the "whispering" that has been going on for so many weeks. There is no need to whisper any more. The fatal name can be shouted from the house-tops now that Mr. Justice Porter and his colleagues have given their verdict.

But the aftermath of the verdict is very interesting in the light which it throws upon the English character. Not upon the British character, mind you—for such a thing does not exist—nor upon the Scottish, nor the Welsh, but upon the English.

Once again the old inclination comes out not to kick the man who is down. Once again the good-humoured tolerance appears. It is all very inscrutable to those of us who are not English. It is quite possible that a prosecution may lie under the Official Secrets Act, or some such law, but I am quite certain that if proceedings are taken, a wave of popular emotion would sweep the country in favour of those who have already suffered so much for a blunder. In France the people would throw bricks and riot in the Place de la Concorde and overthrow the Government. The English go and watch cricket instead.

Lord Londonderry is back in the news with his week-end party for Herr Ribbentrop—Hitler's pet roving envoy. (Coming so soon after Lord Winterton's now famous party at Shillinglee, the political week-end seems to be coming into its own again.) Another of the guests was a high officer of the Air Force, and tongues are naturally wagging. The crux of the position seems to me to be this: Can the Germans scare Lord Londonderry into believing that an alliance with Germany is our only salvation from the Heinkel war-bomber? And if so, can Lord Londonderry pass on the scare to the Government? And then what? Eh? Meanwhile the Pacifists, unwilling to forget his Lordship's unhappy speech in the House of Lords about bombing, have issued a poster showing a sky covered with war-machines and labelled "The Londonderry Air."

The New Colonial Secretary

The Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore got his new job at the Colonial Office as Mr. Thomas's successor just before Whitsun—an expected and popular appointment. He is an expert on Colonial affairs, having twice been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and having seen many of his charges with his own eyes, including Palestine

The Supreme Court of the United States dislikes Mr. Roosevelt passionately by five votes to four. Almost everything the President does, the five old passionate gentlemen promptly undo. But the queer thing is that these five venerable dislikers seem determined to help Mr. Roosevelt to re-election. Week after week they reject some piece of humane and progressive legislation, and thus hand him great arsenals of ammunition for his Presidential campaign. Some time ago they declared it wrong of the President to restrain employers who sweated women and children. They said it was an infringement of States' Rights. Now they say that States mustn't do it, either. It is an infringement of the Individuals' Rights. So once more America is to be the sweaters' paradise. What a weapon it will be for Mr. Roosevelt, and what a boomerang it may be for the Supreme Court.

There are two schools of thought about Perry's defeat in the final of the French lawn-tennis championship. There are those—among them, appears to be no less a giant than Henri Cochet—who think that Perry's star is setting. The fifth set in a gruelling match used to be his triumph. Yet von Cramm only let him win six points in six games. Austin injured and Perry waning means good-bye to the Championship and the Davis Cup. That is one argument. The other is that Perry is so supreme a player that he is getting bored with the incessant round of lesser matches, and that he cannot play his best unless the occasion is tremendously important. This school of thought compares him to Herbert Sutcliffe, the famous Yorkshire and England batsman, who seldom makes a big score unless he is up against really first-class bowling.

Anyway, we shall see when Wimbledon comes round.

THE epidemic of "Stay-in" strikes is spreading rapidly in France, and the international repercussions may be pretty important. On one day last week more than fifty factories were peaceably, but firmly, occupied by the workers. Emphasis is being laid everywhere upon the importance of peaceableness. "Calme" is written in chalk on doors and walls and even on machinery. Naturally, the objectives of the strikers vary from place to place, but a rise in wages and a forty-hour week are the two basic demands.

AT first sight this industrial unrest might appear to be purely the domestic affair of France. But it would swiftly become our affair if other nations began to cast interested eyes at an industrially paralysed France. As Mr. Baldwin has said in a memorable phrase: "Our frontier is the Rhine." Lord Londonderry probably would prefer the Vistula, or perhaps the Beresina, which runs, as a greater man even than Lord Londonderry discovered, north and south along the marches of Poland and Russia.

FAMOUS men and women in many walks of life attended the annual dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society this week, and argued fiercely about tobacco-ash and Mrs. Hudson and Lestrade and the exact position of the famous rooms in Baker Street. (I need hardly add that the Society holds its dinner at a restaurant in Baker Street.) Canon "Dick" Sheppard presided as usual, and Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., Mr. Ivor Back, Miss Helen Simpson, Canon Mozley, and Sir Eric Maclagan, of the Victoria and Albert, were "among those present."

MR. BALDWIN'S remark the other evening at the Conservative M.P.s' dinner that he expected the Simonite Liberals to turn Tory, has not gone down very well with the poor Simonites. They themselves are holding a Convention this week in London at which to build up their independent organisation, and they feel it a bit hard that they should be invited, at this particular juncture, to give up their independence. Presumably, they will join together and give a loud "boo!" of defiance to the Tory Tiger. But Tigers, especially when bent upon doing some swallowing, are awkward gentry to say "boo!" to.

THE news from the Apollo Theatre sets the hearts of us old stagers a-beating. For Miss Phyllis Dare is back, and who is there among you who donned the Sam Brown belt and marched off to the Low Countries who did not adore her? What was the inspiration that sent young men so gaily into battle in those mad days? The cause of gallant little Belgium? The principles of Democracy? The dear old Flag? No, sir. It was Delysia, and Miss Julia James, and Miss Phyllis Dare, and Lady Diana, and all the rest of the reigning beauties. They really won the war.

TALKING of those grim days, I have just been reading a very splendid new novel by Mr. C. S. Forester. I do not wish to poach upon the preserves of my colleague, Mr. Alan Thomas—and I shall look uncommonly foolish if he condemns the book hereafter—but I should like to put on record my opinion that *The General* is just about the most skilful and subtle a portrait of a British regular officer that has been written since the war. Mr. Forester wrote the story out of which Gaumont-British made the film *Brown on Resolution* last year.

ALL the polo-pundits are weighing in with expert descriptions of the tactics which they employed in the final of the Lahore Cup in '79, or the semi-final of the Secunderabad Cup in '69, or whatever it is. The American team, on the other hand, seem to be concentrating upon the elementary business of scoring goals. Their form in the trial matches is positively frightening.

I WONDER if there is any dark and sinister reason behind the sudden emergence of the Singapore Naval Base into the head-lines? Descriptive articles are appearing all over the place, some of them talking about the miraculous feats of engineering which have created a fortress out of a swamp, and others openly suggesting that the whole thing is a white elephant. Naturally, the layman is not in a position to judge, when experts are so pointedly differing. But the layman is not such a fool as not to wonder about this sudden barrage. An American newspaper recently published an article in which it was alleged that the Japanese could easily outflank the base across the narrow mainland to the north. Is it possible that this feverish desire to prove the impregnability of Singapore is simply another case of whistling to keep up spirits?

A POLICEMAN on duty in Highgate has been attacked by a large white owl. Naturally this incident has made the funny-boys in Fleet Street sharpen their pens. Jokes about the wrong beak, about bats in the belfry, about the high-brow atmosphere of the district since Mr. J. B. Priestley went to live there, have been flying about. But the odd thing is that no enterprising journalist has recorded the exact words of the station-sergeant when the constable reported this assault.

Mrs. Moody the Artist

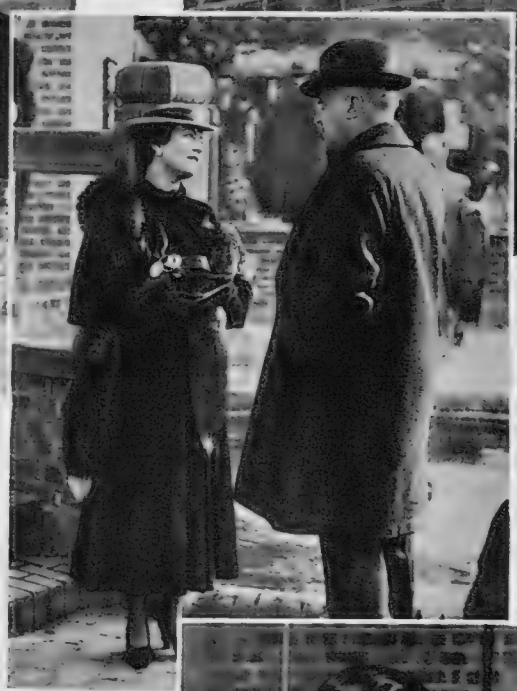
Mrs. Helen Wills Moody is giving America the benefit of her tennis this season and missing Wimbledon and the Wightman Cup. Meantime she has a one-man show of her pictures at the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York, and that still-life of tennis shoes and balls is one exhibit

The French Winners of the Edward Prince of Wales Cup

Capt. Durand, Capt. Bizard, and Lieut. A. de Busnel, the French team, won the jumping competition for the Edward Prince of Wales International Challenge Cup at the Horse Show last Thursday. They had 24 faults, beating the second team, Irish Free State, by a margin of three. Capt. Bizard tied with three other riders for reserve place in the King George V. Gold Cup

Lady Romilly and her brother, the Hon. Edward Sackville-West, were there on the first night when "Don Giovanni," the 1936 addition to Glyndebourne's repertoire, was given. Lady Romilly is Lord Sackville's only daughter by his first wife, and married Lord Romilly in 1929

The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt and Captain Colin Davidson waiting for their good Glyndebourne dinner, for which a pleasantly long interval is allowed between acts



Above: Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger, and Mr. Robert Mayer are in the centre of the group of first-nighters on their way to their seats

Left: Lady Dashwood, who is talking to Lord Peel, was one of the few women who chose to be warm in day clothes and furs

Sussex Opera

The Opening Night of the Glyndebourne Mozart Festival

Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P., and Lord and Lady Gage sat at the same dinner-table. The Gages live almost next door to Glyndebourne, at Firle Place. Mr. Tree's constituency is the Harborough Division of Leicestershire

Lady Moore and her sister-in-law, Lady Patricia Latham, came over, well wrapped in ermine and foxes, from Herstmonceux Castle

Comte and Comtesse Jean de Limur had their nephew, Charles, son of Comte André de Limur, with them. The Comte is a film director; his lovely wife was Stella Chaliapine, daughter of the great singer. She wore a very good trouser suit of grey flannel for watching golf

Comte Jean de Pastré and Mme. Albert Ouvré were on their way to the tenth hole. He is president of the new golf club at Deauville, and also a member of the new Advisory Committee of Monte Carlo. A competition for a cup presented by him was a Whitsun golf event

The Hon. Frank Roche is Lord Fermoy's twin brother and lives in Paris. He broke his club playing in the Senior Golfers' Association of France Whitsun meeting

Deauville Week-End

Golf and Yachts for French and English

Left: Major F. Fane, secretary of the famous Travellers' Club in Paris, and Captain E. Newman were playing in the Senior Golfers' Association competition. Players in the tournament must be over fifty and members of the Association, which is affiliated to the English society

Above: M. Hubert Fabry and M. Raoul Helbronner played in the Handicap de Normandie. M. Helbronner lives in London and collected the English contingent of competitors for the tournament

Left: Vicomte J. Couitéas de Faucamberge was on board his yacht Rêveur. He also owns an aeroplane, a Rolls, and a flat in the Avenue Foch. He had just come north from Cannes, where he'd been yachting and winning tennis tournaments

Anoon sun beats down on the Dorchester. Air France asks if we have any cameras. The answer is two-and-a-half. They are weaned from us for the trip's duration. As the bus moves off, Prince Charles d'Arenberg moves in. He 's the most correct young bachelor, possessing the longest eyelashes and store of polished small talk. He shows us that fine chateau, five minutes before Le Bourget, which sits formally among its wild woods and belongs to his cousin, the Marquis de Noailles.

A rapide makes Trouville for Deauville at eight. Here we are. The porters have put the suitcases of those who are staying at the Hotel Normandy on the bus for the Golf Hotel, and vice-versa. There are three hundred more visitors than last Whitsun—French, English, and Americans from Paris, golfers of varied nationality and capacity, with open-air lovelies wearing bérets on their foreheads and white cotton pullovers with round necks.

The first tee is thronged, and as there are only two seats, many become footsore before starting. Comtesse Guy du Bourg de Bozas, daughter of the American yachtsman, alliterative Fuller Feder of Philadelphia, does not start at all. She and Comtesse de la Salle, Sir Cecil Newman's energetic aunt, without whom Deauville would hardly be recognisable from Houlgate, retreat in good order towards the old course, founded by the Duc de Morny in the year one. The Senior Golfers' Association of France, marshalled by Mr. Martin, is having a four-day meeting; Major Fane, Secretary of the Travellers' Club, Messrs. Willing Spencer, Harry Blackmer, Louis Sheldon (erstwhile Yale "ace"), Edward B. Close, and Frank Roche of the Paris-American colony, are competitors. Frank misses his match, loses his clubs, finds them, breaks his favourite, and buys another between tea and cocktails. Lord Fermoy's twin has inherited two formidable fortunes, and is still a bachelor.

Simultaneously, twenty Britons and twenty Gauls, mostly in their twenties, battle for the Handicap de Normandie presented by the Nord Railway. Comte Jean de Gramont wins. He could play this course backwards blindfold. Raoul Helbronner wears

Above: Baronne José de Vivario looked neat and attractive in her sports suit of cream shantung. She is Mme. Giselle Mouton's daughter, and a frequent visitor to London

This Queen Mary of a yacht belongs to the ex-Khedive of Egypt, and is called Nimet-Allah. S.E. Abbas-Himy brought a yachting party to Deauville for Whitsun. She was anchored in the Bassin de Trouville; the local casino is on the left of the picture

Right: another Deauville yacht-party was on the Silver Cloud, which belongs to Major and Mrs. Herbert Edgar. Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Mr. Derek Reeves, and Mr. John Roberts were their guests. The Silver Cloud was one of the yachts that attended the Queen Mary's sailing, and then crossed to Deauville for the week-end

his reversible velour, and Mr. Robinson, celebrated starter, his straw. Those playing for the Coupe Pastré must also be got off. It's given by Comte Jean de Pastré, one of Monte Carlo's new big men. He looks at the queue and strides to the thirteenth. The queue takes several looks at Ingrid Richard, an ex-"Miss Germany," admired by Antibians and Corviglians in season. Mrs. Sybil Pim doesn't give it a chance, darting into a car and whither away?

We're going to the Bassin de Trouville now because it's Sunday morning, and Major Herbert Edgar has announced elevenses on the Silver Cloud. Michelhams are missed, but the ex-Khedive's cruiser takes up room for three, and, on the horizon, unable to get in, is another large yacht—not the Cutty Sark, though his Grace turns up for dinner from Dieppe. "It must be the Duke of Westminster's," says honey-haired Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart. Lord Camrose's is the right answer.

Lord Furness has landed from Berck, to look a young horse in the mouth, and Mr. "Pops" Purbrick is running a bank before dinner. The Chairman of Marks and Spencer's, his nice wife, Harry Baur, heavy-weight film star, Mrs. Sylvia Curtis, whose palazzo in Venice and villa at Cap Ferrat remind us of Cole Porter's "A shooting-box in Scotland and a hacienda in Spain," Salon exhibitor Jean Gabriel Domergue are aux Ambassadeurs for a "Gala Domergue." We expect murals, or perhaps menus to bear his signature; but no. Artists now give their names, not their talents, to the cause of gaiety. And so to watch others gamble, bed, train through the green and gold of morning, Paris, 'plane and a cup of London tea. SNAP.

Whit Saturday Golf—Handicap de Normandie Competitors

The winner, Comte Jean de Gramont, is in the centre, holding his cup. The others are Guy de Rothschild, Gerard Desouches, Serge Eonnet, T. Melling, A. L. Bentley, André and Francis Vagliano, Eric S. Berry, Jacques Petit-le-Roy, T. Parker, Hubert and Robert Fabry, Jack N. Bowes, Pierre Clement, A. D. Ray, Jean-Paul Boucheron, Herbert Jones, Comte Guy de Maret, A. E. Bentley (father of A. L. Bentley), Jack C. Taylor, Raoul Helbronner, J. T. Walker, Paul Chadbourne, S. H. Joelson, J. Livesey, René Boulot, Peter Stern, Emile Fould, Duc d'Elchingen, J. Nahman, José de Yturbé, Jean Weinbach, Henri Latour, Messrs. Woosnam and Blackbourne

A Homecoming

Lady Rosse met her brother, Mr. Oliver Messel, when he arrived at Waterloo by the Berengaria boat-train last week. He'd come from Hollywood, where he had been working on the scenery and dresses for the Norma Shearer–Leslie Howard "Romeo and Juliet." His attractive sister married Lord Rosse last year

Two Engagements—

Lord Dunglass, M.P., the Earl and Countess of Home's eldest son, and Miss Elizabeth Alington announced their engagement last week. She is the Very Rev. Dr. Alington and the Hon. Mrs. Alington's second daughter; her father was Headmaster of Eton from 1916 until 1933, and is now Dean of Durham; through her mother she is Viscount Cobham's cousin

Miss Antonia Snagge, one of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge's twin daughters, is engaged to Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne. He is the fourteenth baronet, and lives at Tichborne Hall, in Hampshire, where the family has had estates since before the Conquest. Antonia Snagge's father is a director of Barclay's Bank and the Atlas Assurance Company

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE weather at Whitsun would have done beautifully for Easter—fine and cold, a fur coat, a flower in your hat, and a fire to come home to—but for the last week-end in May, and our hopes centreing on the bathing-pool at Le Touquet and silly, summery things like that, it was a different matter.

Mr. Everyman's Burden

MR. EVERYMAN'S everyday burden put us off our reckless intentions of a gay, gambling week-end at the enchanting hamlet in the Forêt.

What with the cold, the income tax, and the serious illness of a great friend, we hadn't the heart to go. From others who did, however, we heard that the crowds were stupendous. No hope of a gamble unless one dined early and dashed to the Casino.

The Maharajah of Rajpipla gave a large dinner-party one night, his guests going in to dinner at eleven o'clock! The Weldon brothers were in this party, and Mr. Carl Bendix, who was staying at the Golf Hotel.

Loss of Voice, Money, and Sleep

LIFE on Lord Michelham's yacht sounds ideal. A late luncheon and no one expected to appear before, a Rolls-Royce waiting on the quayside, ready to whisk you to the Casino for the six-o'clock session; a room at the Picardy for his guests to change in. Only on one night did the party dine on board, and that was in order to get to the Casino early enough to play.

That lovely American film star, Miss Whitney Bourne, was staying with the Sweenys at their villa; Lady Bridget Poulett was with the John Muskers and Mr. Charles Birkin; Mrs. de Winton Wills and Lady Veronica Hornby both wore terrifically smart three-quarter-length coats of Indian lamb; Mr. "Jock" Hanbury lost his voice, Mr. "Jock" Campbell some money; everyone else lost a great deal of sleep.

Had a Hunch

DESPITE the cold, the income tax, and the sick friend, we did go to the Oaks, and would to goodness that we had listened to the sage advice of one who "Didn't know, but had a hunch," and backed Lovely Rosa.

Lord and Lady Weymouth were the best-looking couple we saw that day, she wearing a bright shade of blue that exactly matched her husband's eyes.

Miss Diana Bethell was the loveliest debutante, in a demure black dress with a white Peter Pan collar and a big black hat with white flowers under the brim.

Who else did we see on that disastrous but enjoyable day? Lady Kimberley, happily recovered from a tiresome attack of mumps; Mrs. Archie Campbell and Mrs. Simon Marks in one of those slow and inadequate lifts that eventually take you up or down to the boxes.

Another social etiquette question arises here. What does a young man do when he is asked to dine for a dance by one woman and the hostess of the dance, who has not asked him, is standing by? This one said "Thank you so much—I shall be delighted"!

Well Worth While

WE waved good-bye to the Queen Mary and friends aboard when she sailed from Southampton, toured the boat for an hour (you have read all about it by now, so what 's the use!), found the bars were shut until we got off, liked the Zinkeisen décor of the verandah grill enormously, saw peers, crooners, film stars, actresses being said good-bye to, sometimes by unexpected people, and thought the whole expedition—even the rather tedious journey back and subsequent dash to a first night—well worth while.

Our photographic memory conjures up visions of Lord Inverclyde and Rex Colclough waving good-bye from a deck window; Frances Day's almost white blonde hair streaming in the breeze up on top; three stokers in an open gap, a perilous position, somewhere low down in the ship; lovely Penelope Dudley

—Two Weddings—

Miss Barbara Franklyn was married at Shedfield Church, in Hampshire, to Lord Garmoyle, Lord and Lady Cairns' eldest son. She is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arden Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, and 33, Bryanston Square. Lord Garmoyle's younger brother, the Hon. David Cairns, married Barbara Burgess in April

The Hon. John Cunliffe-Lister, the Air Minister and Lady Swinton's elder son, married Miss Anne Medlicott, younger daughter of Canon and Mrs. Medlicott, of Burghclere Rectory, Newbury, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Medlicott appropriately wore a spray of South African orange-blossom brought over by Mrs. Mollison on her record flight

—And a Christening

Mr. Peter and the Hon. Mrs. Healing's baby son was christened Michael Kingsbury Lionel at Brompton Oratory, just a year after his parents were married there. The godparents were Miss A. E. Healing, Miss Daphne Mulholland, Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, Lord Petre (the child's uncle) and Lord Pollington

Ward, seeing her father off. Another beauty, Essex Drury, we remember seeing somewhere in the mob. Was she sailing?

Elsa Macfarlane, distracted, was embarking on her first trip across to see her husband, Clifford Whitley, who, having been taken seriously ill in Hollywood, is being brought to New York by air.

Orchids in Her Hair

THE subsequent first night was *Boy Meets Girl*, a lovely American show at the Shaftesbury. It is full of quick repartee and come-backs, and tremendous fun. Mrs. Gilbert Miller, whose husband brought the company over from New York ("presented" is the word), had a party that included Lord and Lady Brownlow, Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. McMullen, and Mr. Terence Phillips. Sir Harold Wernher, whom we had seen earlier in the day seeing off his in-laws, the Milford Havens, was there, and Lady Juliet Duff; Mr. Robert Heber-Percy with Miss Jennifer Fry, a pretty girl with orchids in her hair.

Witty and Wicked

ONE of the most popular supper-time entertainers is with us once again. Dwight Fiske, whose witty and wicked songs have amused us so much, opened at the San Marco on Monday.

The other night when we were there, on the eve of the Whitsun exodus, we were surprised at the number of stay-at-homes supping and dining in that Venetian setting. Lady Moira Combe and Miss Dodo West were with a small party of non-dressed cinema-ites. Some Parisian friends of ours arrived straight from the late train for a bite before going to bed. Pretty Mrs. Philip le Gros, who runs a shop of American "ready-mades," and Mr. Geoffrey Allan were others left in a supposedly deserted Mayfair.

A Party of Mixed Ages

MRS. EDWARD BARON sat on the floor in a lovely pearl-grey dress to watch the cabaret at the dance she gave at Claridge's for her daughter Millicent.

It was such a good party; one noticed how young the chaperons and mothers sitting around the wall seem nowadays.

The Marchioness of Titchfield, with her lovely grey hair, was one of the youngest and prettiest. Lady Hillingdon, another chaperon in black chiffon, waltzed expertly with Captain Jenkinson. The heroine of the evening, in a lovely angel-skin dress, was beset with partners. Her youthful aunt, Miss Myrtle Baron, just returned from a visit to Sweden, was wearing pale blue embroidered organdie.

Lady Queensberry wore one of the prettiest dresses in the room, mid-blue tulle, a scarlet satin belt, and prim little white kid gloves.

How Spoilt We Are!

WE were loth to leave, but our particular bunch broke up, some to go on to the Arthur Smith-Binghams at the Savoy and others to the party given by Mrs. David Tennant and Mrs. Luke Lillingston in the latter's lovely mews house in Grosvenor Crescent. This, again, was a divine party, people sitting about on the floor watching Russell Swann when we arrived. There was a buffet on every floor, supper and breakfast in the upper rooms, dancing and cabaret on the ground floor. How spoilt we are these days, and yet how much we appreciate a really good party.

Lady Carlisle was at this party in a black and white dress; her sister, Mrs. Barran; Lady Portarlington in an amusing harlequin gown of many colours; Lady Diana Gibb, who has been ill since her return from East Africa. Little Lady Milton, in dark-green star-spotted taffetas, came on from the Savoy with Mrs. Gilbey, in pale printed satin. At three-thirty, when we left, people still seemed disinclined to remember that they had any homes to go to.

A Small and Intimate Club

WHEN we took Major Pye, an Australian friend of ours, to dine at Punch's one night last week, he fell for the idea of the small and intimate luncheon and dinner club, which does not apparently exist yet in Anzac regions.

The little, long familiar room was crowded that particular evening, well-knowns including Mr. Eddie Tatham, dining before a dance, Miss Mary Grey and her son, James Ritchie, with the pretty dark-eyed Rosemary Streatfeild, and Captain Jack Wilson entertaining a large party which included Lady Ratendone's youthful-looking mother and her new husband.

MISS PEEPS

On page 422 of last week's issue, we gave Miss Anne Whitbread's address as Ascot Park and 10 Chester Square. The correct address is Woodlands, Sunninghill, Berks. We much regret the mistake.

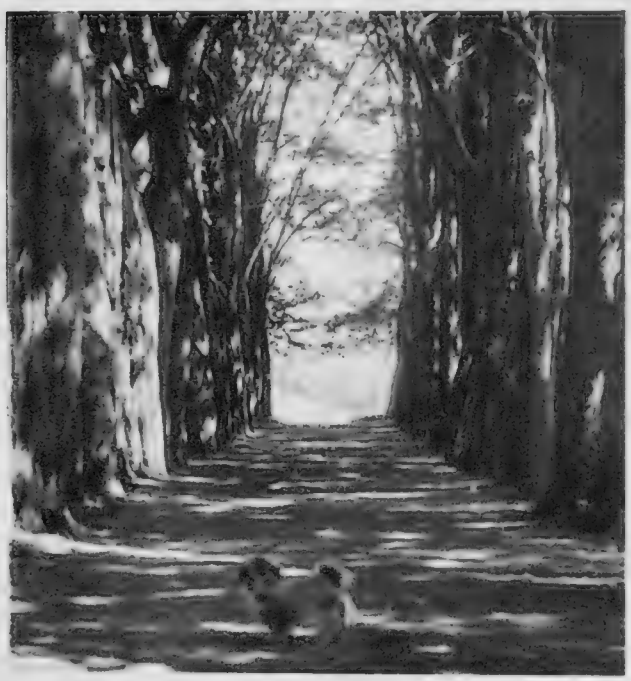
Lady Charles Cavendish
Who Was Adèle Astaire

Bird's Eye View of Lismore Castle

This view from the air shows Lismore Castle's superb position above the Blackwater River, its courtyard, with a huge tree in the middle, and its gardens, stables, and woodyard behind

The Lady of Lismore

Lady Charles Cavendish and the Castle in Ireland Where She and Her Husband Live



The Yew Walk, Eleven Hundred Years Old

Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish are the first owners for very many years to spend more than a few weeks out of every twelve months at Lismore Castle. It 's a lovely old place, part of it dating back to 1182, and has been in the Cavendish family for three hundred years. Its salmon fishing, on the Blackwater River, is some of the best in Ireland. Since their marriage in 1932, the Charles Cavendishes have made it their permanent home, except for occasional visits to London and America. Lady Charles Cavendish, whom London adored when she was dancing with her brother, left all that behind her when she married the Duke of Devonshire's younger son, but is still one of the most popular women in England or Ireland

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ANYTHING less exciting than the despatches from the newspaper boys aboard the Queen Mary for the maiden run to New York we were hardly able to conceive. Of course, they probably didn't get a single sniff of the sea. It 's a fatiguing drive, people say, and probably most of 'em preferred to hang around the main avenues and thoroughfares and smart cocktail bars, watching the busy shopping crowds and the traffic-lights, and so forth. That can't have been very exciting for them, either, seeing how often they 've seen the same faces before. Day after day after day and night after night after night. Gosh, it 's awful. It 's like Dante. Hell, it 's terrible. (Observe how insensibly one drops into the manner of the Ernest Hemingway school in crises of this kind: "So I said to her, hell, let 's open another bottle. So we had another and then we had another two or maybe three and Spike said hell he 'd had enough so I said hell, you 're crazy talking that way and then Spike hit Una and they helled around a piece and smashed a few things and I said oh for crying out loud and Spike said he felt sick and he was. So then Una went to sleep. She looked terrible. I went to sleep too. I felt terrible. Everything was terrible. Spike didn't go to sleep. Everybody else went to sleep. About three I woke up. I went out and shot somebody on Deck B, a woman or a horse or something it looked like from that distance. When I got back they 'd opened another, so we just sat round the cabin and looked sick. I was pretty drunk. After a while I got up and went out. I shot a grocer or iceman or somebody down on Deck J somewhere. When I got back Una was dead. She looked terrible . . .", etc.)

This kind of fatalistic pessimism, like a perpetual hangover, like the taste of brass in the mouth, is brought on, the boys tell us, by viewing the Old Familiar Faces, day after day, night after night, going the social round like wooden horses at a fair.

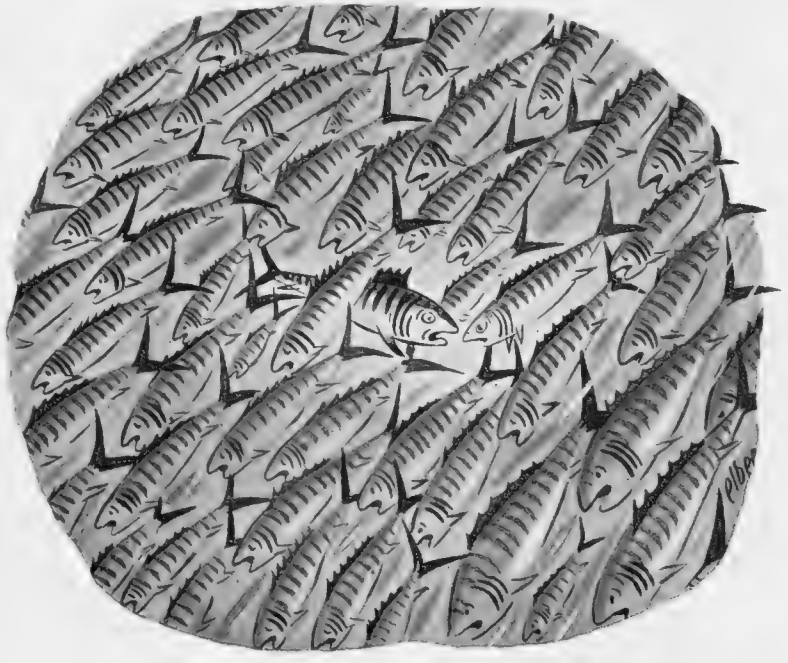
The Queen Mary jamboree is apparently the last straw for some of them. What about that well-known personality—what 's his name ?—who chucked himself screaming overboard off Grand Banks ? Tck, tck—you know the one we mean. Famous one. We always remember faces, but we 're terrible at remembering names. Begins with a B. Dear, dear. It 'll come back, no doubt.

Band Parts—and Why Not ?

THE puzzling connection between brass bands and what in this country is curiously called " temperance "—meaning intemperate shunning of the hop and the grape—was solved the other day by an expert who pretended that teetotalers can blow more persistently into brazen tubes than reasonable men ; which may be their punishment, who knows ? Discussing this phenomenon afterwards with a leading musician, we got on to the subject of terrible, terrible marches, to which brass bands are so bitterly addicted. He agreed with us that the only good marches extant are the march movement in Tchaikowsky's *Pathétique* Symphony, Lillibullero, *En Passant par la Lorraine*, and one or two more we forget. (All these admirable tunes brass bands avoid like poison.) Pointing out that marches are composed for free, gallant, stamping men, swinging arms and legs in unison, or hearty brides swaggering down aisles, we asked this musician further if anybody had ever written a march specially for men with hot, aching, or flat feet. He said no. It struck us then that a march called, say, *Fallen Arches* might be very useful for non-military parades and rejoicings, every third bar having a sad little swoop into the minor, symbolising the distinctive " plap " of the metatarsal (or whatever it is) impinging on the macadam as the agonised town-councillors, Buffaloes, Rechabites, Elks, Buchmanites, or what-not, tag along behind the band, covered with sashes and sick of everything.

Footnote to Above

THIS musician thought, incidentally, the B.B.C. might be likely to welcome such an idea, and that naturally led us on to the subject of the powerful B.B.C. Director of Variety, Eric Maschwitz—who is eleven feet high and two inches wide and folds up, when requested, by sections, rather angrily, like a carpenter's rule—and his well-known versatility. A fresh demonstration of this occurred at the Bolivar recently, we 're told. A retired Colonel of Ghurkas from Simla, informed that Maschwitz had been and done practically everything, said to him sneeringly : " Well, I 'll bet you 've never seen the Indian Rope-Trick ! " " I *am* the Indian Rope-Trick," said Maschwitz quietly, beckoning a small page-boy, who immediately climbed to the top of him and disappeared.



" I can't help it—I 'm not social "

Danse Macabre

THE British Archæological Society's award of the Reginald Taylor Prize for 1935 for an essay on the Dance of Death in mediæval art reminded us, for some reason, that no modern artist has very successfully adapted this terrific theme to our own times—the theme used by Holbein and so many more, of the inevitable arrival of grinning Death, no matter what the social position of the victim. It 's one of the great macabre opportunities for the artist of

imagination, and the Mediævals revelled in it. There 's a fine ancient series of the Dance (or was till recently) at Kermaria-an-Isquit, in Brittany. Old St. Paul's Cathedral had a series painted round the cloisters, with verses by Lydgate. It was all over Europe. We saw a version with modern figures and verse—we forget whose—some time ago in Paris. It made little impression on us, the artist being swayed, obviously, by the view that Modern Science has more or less abolished Death, which is, of course, true. Even then he didn't make much of it.

Think of a modern Dance of Death, exquisitely conceived and cynically drawn, in which Sir Otto Schnitzenhausen's butler Rawson orders Death off the doorstep of 88, Berkeley Square and leaves that ugly impostor (Death, we mean) looking a perfect ass ! Or Death calling on Lady Poltagrue (a public peril) and being himself struck with terror and ignobly routed by the rattling of those awful bones, that piercing laugh, that redoubtable dial. Or Death calling at the Reform Club for kindly H. G. Wells and at the Athenæum for kindly Dr. Inge, kicking his heels ignominiously day after day in the outer hall, the scorn of page-boys and the mock of waiters ; or being compelled to fill up a form at 8, Shoe Lane to see Lord Castlerosse (" Got an appointment, sir ? ") and getting no further. Max Beerbohm ought to have done it long ago. We hereby implore him earnestly so to do.

Big Girl

THE Military Medal awarded at Toulouse the other day to Mme. Goucla, a 100-year-old Army cantinière of the Franco-Prussian War, was probably well won, but the cantinières of the Napoleonic armies deserved decoration more. Military memoirs of the period are full of their prowess. Great, tough, leather-faced, thick-legged, cursing, clumping, husky mustachioed female sergeant-majors they seem to have been, strangely dissimilar from Cigarette in *Under Two Flags*, a dainty piece of goods. Mother Dubois of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard could have pulverised Cigarette with one hand, for Mother Dubois could knock out a sergeant when in her cups. Such Old Roedean girls of the period shared every hardship of the armies, the mud, the rain, the snow, the heat, sludging along with their ass-carts and washtubs like heroines. See Sergeant Bourgogne on the retreat from Moscow, or Baron Marbot on the Austrian campaigns.

There is a charming story of Jane Austen walking along Milsom Street, Bath, one day, and being suddenly slammed on her western end by a huge soldierly hand, a hearty voice roaring at the same time : " Tiens ! La Mère Bilboquet ! " It was Marshal Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden. A rather priggish crowd gathered at once, expecting a confused denial from Miss Austen. To their surprise, returning Bernadotte a hearty slap on the snout, she tossed a coin on the spot for beakers of brandy, at the same time starting to troll the old song of the Guard : " On va leur percer les flancs, rataplan, rataplan," etc. Reeling and howling arm-in-arm through the streets of Bath that night they afforded a very painful spectacle.

Yet Bernadotte was quite mistaken, Miss Austen and Mother Bilboquet of the Chasseurs being two distinct personalities. " It seemed to me true gentility," explained Miss Austen afterwards to the Dean of Bath, " not to disillusion too harshly an unhappy foreigner who has never known the blessings of an English home." " A truly noble sacrifice ! " exclaimed the Dean. " Oh, shut *up*," said Miss Austen, thinking regretfully of her night out.

Romany Pie

" END haow do you laike it ? "

" Aow, not 'arf," said the gipsy, carefully reading the script provided by the B.B.C. His questioner had a sweet, low, womanly voice. We felt the B.B.C. might have chosen a gipsy whose accent smacked a little more of the wind on the heath and a little less of the New Cut. Perhaps we 're just snobs. It 's our fierce Romany blood. We 'd been reading about the annual gipsy pilgrimage to Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer in Provence, and to hear one of our brothers of the open road going romantic over the Derby seemed a sad anti-climax. In our mind's eye we saw the inevitable suburban policeman about to kick him

" Then Poushimova's dance begins like this "

"I see you, you little witch!"

in the pants. At that same moment on the lonely wastes of the Camargue our brethren were assembled from Hungary, Spain, Rumania, Austria, and the Balkans, flashing their teeth and twirling their mustachios and free as air, awaiting the descent of the golden casket which contains the relics of Sarah, mendicant handmaiden of the Three Holy Women and St. Lazarus, washed ashore on this coast soon after Calvary.

You ought to see this annual gipsy festa. Hundreds of camp-fires and the throbbing note of gipsy music make the vigil Les Saintes Maries almost as colourful as some of the books about gipsies we've read. The Archbishop of Aix-en-Provence generally turns up to give us a blessing at the end. Then we dance the Farandole, after which we camp and resume our romantic existence, singing wild songs and snitching hens and keeping a light on the Harmanbeck, whose nab may the ruffin cly! So let every strolling mort, or dimber wapping dell, or bowsing cove that kens the rum lingo, 'ware the jady coppaleen and the ruffmans, and hey! bing awast to Romeville!

Yoo Hoo, Trolls!

LORD BERNERS' new book about a camel who turned up at an English vicarage and rang the bell and altered everybody's life for better or worse has baffled one or two of the glummer critic boys. Probably if the story were a translation from the German they'd be all over it. It's no wilder than some of the tales of Hoffman—the one with a vaguely similar opening, for example, about a gloomy old house in Nuremberg where a stranger knocks and has the door opened to him by an ostrich—and it's much more amusing. But any fantastic work has a tough time in these islands. "What's it *mean*?" people ask fretfully, opening those blue Nordic eyes. "Yes, I *know* Major Wallowby's read it, but what's it *mean*?" Almost anything of a fantastic nature, from *Pantagruel* or *Gaspard de la Nuit* to *Lady Into Fox* or *Hell! Said the Duchess*, bothers masses of nice people in this way. Yet if you suggest to them that Galsworthy's gargoyles are as far removed from humanity as griffins, wyverns, or the Great Hairy One of Etnedal himself, they stare at you in amazement.

The fact is—we've often meditated a thesis on it—that these islands are peopled to a mirific extent by trolls who don't know it. Weirder and more eerie phantasms (some in dog-collars) can be met in Dover Street any day than on the Dovrefjeld, living a simple, regular life, calm and self-sufficient—all of which is the hall-mark of the troll, as the Old One of Dovre pointed out to Peer Gynt. Fleet Street is a perfect troll-cavern and gnome-warren. Add the great gaitered trolls, trolls in horsehair wigs or wigs of natural curly hair, trolls with huge shining domes of thought, trolls hortatory and denunciatory and expository, exulting trollishly in trolldom, and you may admit it's something to worry about; or not, as the case may be.

Tail Piece

BRITISH Freudians, including the literary panjandrums who signed Old Uncle Libido's eightieth birthday tribute recently, are rejoicing over the test-case of Henry Bulger, a six-foot, eighteen-stone navvy who bashed a girl of five very severely with a coke-hammer. Leading psycho-analysts testified that Bulger was mortally afraid of the little girl. "A state of continuous terror," said one expert, "as pathetic as it is pathological. This inhibition is now, happily, released." Mr. Justice Hoot ordered Bulger to be sent to a seaside home for six months to complete the cure. This enlightened tribute to Modern Science has delighted adepts of Freud, including many thinkers whose hands, when they walk upright, sweep the ground. (End message.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Huntley, those dreadful people up for'ard are trying to get to know us"

Films of the Day

Lunch with Charles Laughton : By George Campbell

"And just listen to this bit!" cried Charles Laughton, turning over the script from which he had been reading aloud. "That is, if you're not bored."

I was not bored. I was immensely interested, not merely in the colour and power of Carl Zuckmayer's prose but also in this visible evidence of the fervour, the passion even, with which Mr. Laughton attacks his work. So while I sipped his excellent brandy—I had been lunching with him at his Bloomsbury house, with the greenery of Gordon Square in front, and, rather surprisingly, tall trees making delicate patterns against the back windows, too—he went on turning the pages lovingly and reading the lines you will hear when Korda and Laughton and Zuckmayer between them bring Rembrandt to the screen.

It was a speech in which the painter replies to some ribald wag who wants to know why he should go on painting an amiable but hardly devastating wife when the world is full of lovely women. Because, Rembrandt tells him in effect, woman is a creature so infinitely various that she comprises all her sex. Love one, and you love Helen and Cleopatra, Ninon and Dubarry, all the sirens who have captured man's imagination and enslaved his senses since the world was young.

Whether the thesis be sound I leave philosophers and metaphysicians and amorists to decide. But one thing I do know. It may have been the cognac, which was something to linger over and remember; it may have been the intoxication of Mr. Laughton's voice, vibrating with subdued passion, infinitely rich in undertone; it may have been that Zuckmayer's purple patch was really as good as Laughton thought it; I only know that for the moment one *saw* the Dutchman in his studio, talking as he worked, silencing the witless. Author and actor between them had succeeded in painting a scene even without the aid of the camera. They had done more. They had stripped away externally and laid bare the secret places of a great man's heart.

"Where is an author writing stuff like that for the stage?" demanded Mr. Laughton. "Did you see *Mutiny on the Bounty*? Well, then, you remember my big speech to the crew——" He repeated it, every phrase full of fire and colour and rhetorically effective. "Why can't our dramatists give us dialogue like that? Why is that nine-tenths of the best dramatic writing going into pictures? For wit, too, the best Hollywood scenario writers have got the dramatists beaten hollow. You saw *Ruggles of Red Gap*? Then you remember the scene where I have to repeat Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech. It ends. There is a moment's silence, then the emotional tension is broken by a laconic phrase from one of the crowd: 'I'll buy a drink!' Nothing in itself, but so perfectly placed and timed that it is almost comparable with Molière's marvellous anti-climax, 'We have changed all that.'"

"And screen acting?" I asked. "How does that compare?"

I had too much respect for Mr. Laughton's intelligence to expect the stage actor's conventional expressions of derision. At the same time, I was a little surprised at the depth and the evident sincerity of his enthusiasm.

"Acting for the stage and acting for the screen are quite different. The screen actor doesn't have to be able to project himself across the footlights, to get effects over to the back row of the gallery and pit. The camera and the microphone take care of all that for him. But the screen demands other qualities just as important, and, in their own way, Hollywood's best actors are remarkable. Take Gary Cooper. 'Hell, Charles, I'm no actor!' he said to me when we first met in *The Devil and the Deep*. I said 'Rubbish!' or some word to that effect. 'You're a marvellous actor!' And he is. That fellow has only to step before the camera and he's transformed: he glows with a light that some movie actors can switch on and off at will. Of course, you've seen *Desire*? Remember that scene where Marlene sings and Gary has nothing to do but watch her? I say 'nothing to do,' but just see what he makes of it: delight, self-consciousness, adoration, all conveyed without the aid of a word. If ever a man was in love, it was the shy young fellow from Detroit played by Gary Cooper. Yes, Cooper is superb!"

Here was a critic after my own heart—a critic of immense authority who could hardly be accused of bias against the stage. Stage actors, stage authors and producers are good fellows and good company, for the most part, but when it comes to the pictures they are practically all snobs—appalling, hopeless, idiotic snobs. Fellows who work three weeks in the year on the stage for £20 a week and have the luck to pick up a film contract for six months at £100 a week will still insist on calling themselves actors, meaning stage actors, as distinct from actors-who-are-not-actors, the chaps who work for the films. Their superiority is immense, their chuckles at Garbo and Beery and Gable are quite devastating—or would be, if anybody took the slightest notice. "Yes, yes," they will tell you. "Bob Montgomery wasn't bad in that thing at the Empire. In fact, quite amusing. But if you want a good laugh, old boy, you really must see old So-and-so in *Stop Larking*. That scene where he dresses up as his grandmother and puts a bedroom utensil on his head—you'll just fall off your seat, old boy! I took Smithson there, and Smithson and I just fell off our seats; we simply split our sides, didn't we, Smithson, old boy? Well, if you insist on buying another . . ."

We have in London a Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. An excellent institution it is. It started Charles Laughton himself on the road that led to the top. Now, if I were head of the R.A.D.A., I'd make one addition to the curriculum. I'd instal a projector, and I'd make every student spend one hour a day watching movie actors—not only the great stars, who depend for the most part on good looks and personality as much as acting, but also people like Aline MacMahon, Lewis Stone, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Henry Armetta, Isobel Jewel (remember her little sempstress in *A Tale of Two Cities*?), and all the other wonderful supporting players who make pictures like *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* so convincing. I'd have lecturers, not necessarily actors themselves, who would deal with this and that aspect of certain players' art, who would point out how subtly they work on the emotions, how effortlessly they get their laughs. Finally, heresy though this sounds, I'd make the young people of the R.A.D.A., listen carefully to the better American voices and note that it is possible to be a heroine, even an ingénue, without talking like a fourth-form schoolgirl, and that male idealism, in the younger sort, is not best indicated by a toss of the head, a stamp of the foot and the voice of a curate devouring plums, all of which you may find in nine London theatres out of ten, and three British pictures out of four.

"Under Two Flags"

Here's a new film in the "Beau Geste"-"Bengal Lancer"-"La Bandera" tradition, this time based on the famous Ouida story. In the photograph are Nigel Bruce, Victor McLaglen, Claudette Colbert, and Ronald Colman; the last two are the stars, with Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell as "featured players." The film will be seen in London soon

Mother and Daughter

Lady Dunn and Lady Patricia Douglas

Photographs by Lenare

Lady Dunn and Her Debutante Daughter

LADY PATRICIA DOUGLAS is another of the attractive debutantes that 1936 has produced, with an appealing and youthful charm to mark her out from the more stereotyped young beauties. She is Lady Dunn's only child by her first marriage to Lord Queensberry, and was born in 1918. Her mother is giving a dance for her to-night (June 10th) at Norwich House, Park Lane. Lady Dunn, whose own looks make a grown-up daughter a surprising possession, is the second wife of Sir James Dunn, the Canadian banking magnate; she married him in 1926 and has one daughter by him, born in 1929. She was Irene Richards, and used her maiden name when she was doing film work two or three years ago

Russian Tragedy

"The Seagull," at the New Theatre

Arcadina (Edith Evans)

"Light as a bird and ready to act the part of a girl of fifteen"

In disagreements over Gielgud's interpretation of Trigorin ("a shade too young and not raffish enough," according to James Agate), and over Edith Evans's Arcadina (which one critic finds lacking in nobility, another in softness, and a third thinks "exactly right"), there's meat for endless delicious controversy among those who know their Tchehov, and saw the play during its three previous runs in London. The naïver playgoer, unweighted by knowledge and unperturbed by vivid memory, sees only—and the critics agreed here—superb acting by these two, by Stephen Haggard and Peggy Ashcroft, and by the rest of the exceptionally fine cast. The other agreed hero is Komisarjevsky, who produced the play and designed the scenery and costumes. Desmond MacCarthy judges this "the high-water mark of M. Komisarjevsky's achievements in this country"

Sorin (Frederick Lloyd) to Dorn (Leon Quartermaine

"It's too funny for words. Here I am, dangerously ill, and no on gives me any medicine"

Arcadina to Constantin (Stephen Haggard)

"It's almost healed up. There is hardly anything there"

Masha (Martita Hunt) to Medvedenko (Ivor Barnard)

" 'Baby, let 's go home. Baby, let 's go home.' You can't think of anything new to say "

Trigorin (John Gielgud)

" Subject for not a very long story "

This is the third classic-revival at the New Theatre for which John Gielgud has been responsible, and the third time he has wrung an uncommonly shared enthusiasm from high brows, lower brows and the fashionable in-betweens. He himself announced his intention of playing Trigorin for six weeks only, and then of handing on the part to someone else. In the autumn he is going to America to play Hamlet and Richard II., and coming back in the spring with plans for *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice* and a modern play, if he can find one. This is the first time Stephen Haggard has appeared in a " Gielgud company " ; Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Frederick Lloyd and George Devine have all been with Gielgud in previous productions

Left :

Nina (Peggy Ashcroft) to Constantin (Stephen Haggard)

" It 's nothing ; it 's nothing. I shall feel better after I 've cried "

Photographs by John Everard

Vera Nemtchinova

A Great Ballerina, now with the Blum-Fokine Company

Vera Nemtchinova is a Diaghileff "production"; she went straight to him when her early training under Lydia Nelidova in Moscow was finished and, with the Revolution, all chances of her career in Russia. After some time in the corps de ballet she had her first solo part in *Boutique Fantasque*. Finally she became one of his leading dancers, and was with the company until it broke up when its master died. After that her most important work was with the Lithuanian ballet at Kovno; she came to London with them last year. She is the wife of Nicholas Zvereff

In "L'Epreuve d'Amour," the New Fokine Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

As Diana in the Poulenc-Balanchine Ballet "Aubade"

L'Epreuve d'Amour, Fokine's new Chinese ballet to Mozart music, gives Nemtchinova a delightful part; she treats its technical intricacies as lightly as she creates in mime the character of the Mandarin's daughter who so nearly has to marry the wrong man. From the audience's point of view it is the big success of the Alhambra season. In *Aubade* Diana appears an infinitely more difficult part to carry off, but Nemtchinova does it superbly, and looks and moves like a goddess, no matter what Balanchine gives her to do. Her most famous classical part is Coppelia (as *Les Biches* is her most brilliant achievement in modern ballet), and she is dancing that at the Alhambra, as well as in *Lac des Cygnes* and the new *Casse Noisette*

Hay Wrightson

Miss Diana Cory

Lenare

Miss Patricia Worthington

Bassano

Lenare

Above: *Miss Lavender Masefield*

Below: *Miss Ann Watson-Hughes*

Lenare

Miss Nora Forman

Lenare

Miss Denise Clark

Debutantes'

Diana Cory *is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Donald Cory and Lady Cory, of Kedleston, Derby; sister of the third and present Baronet*

Patricia Worthington *is the daughter of Lady Worthington, and lives with her mother at 27, Gilbert Street, Mayfair*

Lavender Masefield *had her dance last month; she is Mrs. G. H. Masefield's daughter, and the Poet Laureate's niece*

Ann Watson-Hughes *is Mr. and Mrs. Watson-Hughes' daughter; had a dance with Anna Spicer at Claridge's last Friday*

Nora Forman *is Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forman's daughter; she will have a dance at Sherfield Court, Basingstoke, on June 26th*

Denise Clark *has a dance with her sister, Dolores, at Tadworth to-morrow; daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Garnet Clark*

Juliet Arbuthnot's *mother, Mrs. Robert Arbuthnot, gave a dance with Mrs. Herman de Zoete for her and Averil de Zoete at Claridge's last month*

Denise Weisweiller *is M. and Mme. Gustave Weisweiller's daughter; her dance last month was at 17, Belgrave Square—lent by her grandmother, Lady (Edward) Sassoon*

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Miss Juliet Arbuthnot

Bassano

Miss Denise Weisweiller

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Patricia Eyres-Monsell

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Miss Anne de Trafford

Gallery:

A Further "Bystander" Selection from the 1936 Coming-Out List

Patricia Eyres-Monsell *is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Monsell. Her father became First Lord of the Admiralty as Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell—was made a Viscount in December*

Anne de Trafford *is Sir Humphrey and the Hon. Lady de Trafford's daughter; her mother gave a dance with Lady Hillingdon on Monday, for her and Penelope and Ursula Mills*

Nancy Brett's *mother gave a dance for her early in May; she is second of Lord and Lady Esher's three daughters, and a niece of the Ranee of Sarawak*

Lady Camilla Acheson *is the daughter of the Earl of Gosford and Mildred Lady Gosford; her eldest brother, Lord Acheson, married Francesca Gagiati in America this year*

Anne Christian *is the younger daughter of the late Admiral Christian, M.V.O., and Mrs. Christian; she is Patricia Eyres-Monsell's cousin—a niece of Lord Monsell*

Bassano

The Hon. Nancy Brett

Hay Wrightson

Lady Camilla Acheson

Bassano

Miss Anne Christian

Schall, Paris

Lucienne Boyer : "Parlez-Moi d' . . ."

"Parlez-Moi d'Autre Chose" was the song Lucienne Boyer had written for her to end the story of "Parlez-Moi d'Amour," after she'd sung the last-named more times than she could bear to think. This year "Si Petite" and "Dans le Fetit Café du Coin" are her big hits; like every other song she has featured, they were written specially for her, composer and lyric-writer working under her direction. Six-hundred-thousand of her records are sold every year in France alone, so the trouble is worth taking. Lucienne Boyer started her career by dressing up in her grandmother's crinoline and singing an old-fashioned ballad to entertain the habitués of a Paris beer cellar; from there she graduated to a small cabaret job, and then to better jobs in musical comedy (*Phi-Phi*) and American revue. Then she started her own night-club, Chez-Elle, and won out as the most popular singer in France. She's superstitious—always wears blue to perform in, and takes round a little stone Chinese god with her. And just now she's in London, singing every night at the Café de Paris

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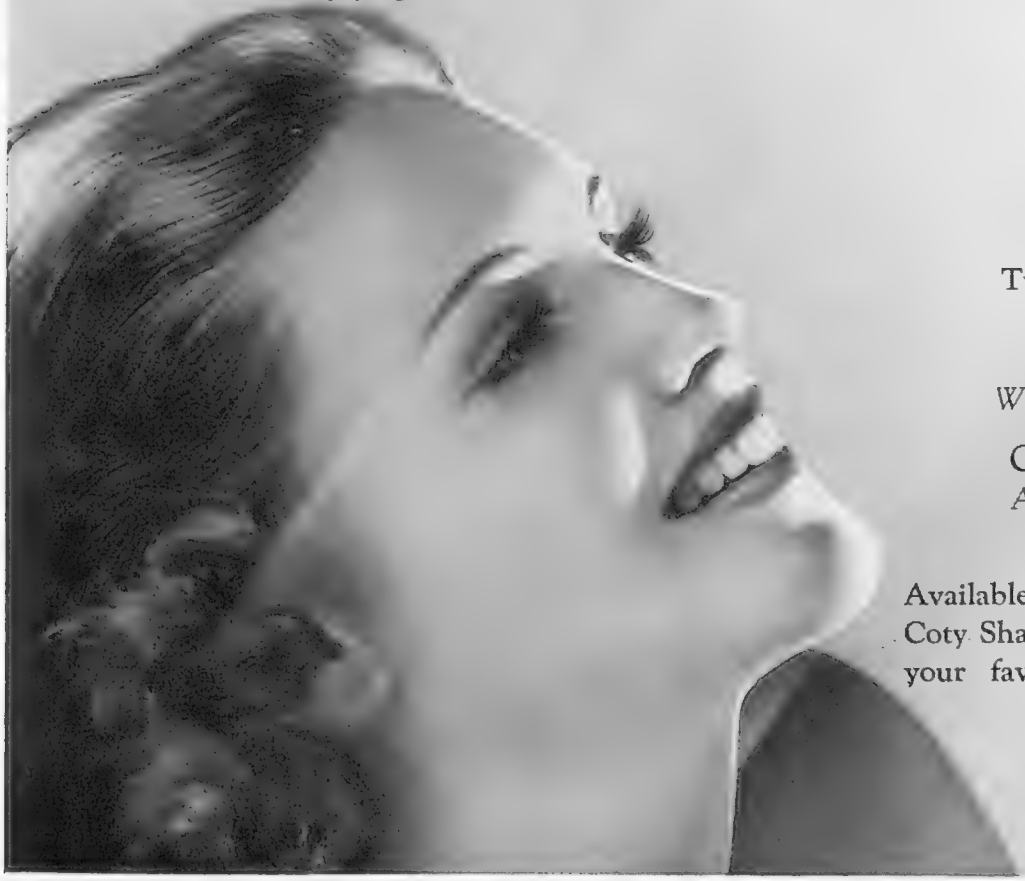

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 41

Stones of the First Water

By Peter Traill

JEANNE PROSSER turned out of Regent Street and stepped into Vigo Street with a keen sense of anticipation. As she was supposed to be going to Piccadilly Circus her sudden sally at right angles to her destination was astonishing—that is, if one is still young enough to be astonished at anything which a woman does. Mrs. Prosser herself was quite unmoved by her own inconsistency and, telling herself that as she was a few minutes late for her appointment anyway, another five minutes or so wouldn't matter, she held her small head high and did not even increase her pace as a sop to her conscience.

In Vigo Street and about it and around it there are various jewellers' shops, and Jeanne Prosser's birthday was in a week's time. The time and the place being therefore very suitable, she argued that she would be very stupid if she didn't take advantage of them. At first it looked as if she would not be able to make much of her opportunity, for there was nothing in the window of the nearest shop which she particularly coveted; but when one's taste runs to diamonds and modern settings there is no reason why satisfaction should be long delayed, and, buoyed up by this conclusion, Jeanne Prosser went forward with the light in her blue eyes undulled and her nose twitching.

Sure enough, just beyond Sackville Street she saw what she thought was a really remarkable piece of jewellery and as she had wanted a brooch like the one in the window for some considerable time —ever since her last birthday, in fact, when she had been content with a ring—the piece appeared to her to be superb. So, however, was the price. It was marked seventy-five guineas, and simultaneously with the idea that this was just the thing she wanted, another came into her mind which was that her husband certainly wouldn't spend that amount.

This combination of ideas was so familiar to Jeanne Prosser that she did not wilt beneath it. Some women, after allowing their mouths to water, would have passed on with a sigh, muttering to themselves what a pity it was that poor Tom, Dick or Harry couldn't afford it. Others might have entered the nearest telephone-box and, after telling their lovers that they were putting the matter down to their account or threatening to break off relations unless they hurried back from the City and bought it for them at once, passed on with the comforting knowledge of something accomplished and something done.

Jeanne Prosser belonged to neither class of women; she was not one who gave in easily, like the former, nor was she a person who preferred the loss of self-esteem to material gain. She was, in truth, quite fond of her husband, who was not very different from other men; but there was no doubt—and, so far as she could remember, there never had been any—that he never seemed to have quite enough money. The rights of the matter were that he was getting on very well, but however much he progressed, her notions were always a little ahead of him, so the poor man was never destined to fulfil expectations. He had himself faced his fate more than once and made some of their friends—much to their disgust—face it too; for there is nothing so boring as to be compelled to listen to tales of the extravagance of other men's wives, the answer to which is always the advice to put a notice in the papers about the responsibility of debts.

Jeanne Prosser was quite aware of the state of affairs, but the state had been so long in being that it had ceased to cause her any worry; the only thought which invariably superseded all others in a crisis like the present was how to circumvent it. At the moment she sucked the middle finger of her glove and her mind was a blank. This was a condition which did not deter her as it did others who had less grit or invention. On the contrary, she had often explained to her friends that if one's mind is a blank there can be only one end —sooner or later something is bound to pop up inside it. So she gazed at the brooch and awaited inspiration with the certainty that it would be vouchsafed to her even as the word of his god comes on wings to the emaciated ascetic.

The birth of an idea to her head was signalised by the sharp withdrawal of her gloved finger; a slow smile dawned

(Concluded on page 468)

Sketch by Lowen

"I'll give you sixty pounds for it" she said

A Dissertation upon GIN

Being a *True and Unembellished* Account of that *Worthy* Spirit's Vast and *Manifold Blessings* . . . its *Curative Properties etc. etc.*, and making *Especial Mention* of that MELLOW *and* MATURE GIN known to all as

Booth's Gin

DEDICATED WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT TO THE *ORIGINAL EXPONENT* OF THE ART OF DISTILLING GIN, *SIR* FELIX BOOTH, *Bt.*

THE great and ever increasing popularity of Gin is no subject for wonderment. For a FINE GIN is a benevolent, kindly spirit, bringing comfort to the heart of man.

¶ FINE GIN is made from sun-drenched grain, infused with fragrant, healthful herbs. There is Juniper, which lends its fragrance and clears the complexion. There is Coriander, so soothing to the interior. And there is Angelica to impart its intriguing flavour.

¶ And then after the delicate process of many distillations & 'rectifications,' BOOTH's put their Gin to rest in sherry casks until, in the course of time, it gains a mellowness, rich, round and smooth.

¶ Are we then to be surprised that doctors, in their wisdom, recommend FINE GIN—*BOOTH'S GIN* as a tonic and even as a cure ?

¶ As a drink to quench a thirst, or aperitif to provoke an appetite, BOOTH's is beyond debate. Long or short, whichever you choose, the only adequate expression of praise is to follow the first drink with another.

★ *To those of the Nobility and Gentry who desire further to investigate this Engrossing Subject, Messrs. Booth's Distilleries issue a cordial invitation to see the* COUNTLESS SHERRY CASKS *in which their gin lies maturing and afterwards to savour its excellence at their distilleries in Turnmill Street in the Borough of Clerkenwell by appointment.*

Stones of the First Water *(Continued from page 466)*

upon her somewhat heavy lips and, her eyes dancing, she put her small hand upon the latch of the door and entered the shop, where the shopkeeper, who had been watching her like a cat does a mouse, through a maze of silver tureens and flower-bowls, welcomed her with a warm smile.

"You have a diamond brooch in the window marked seventy-five guineas; the price is absurd, but I like the brooch," Jeanne began. The shopkeeper, apparently paying no attention to her remarks, opened the grille, bent from the waist, took up the brooch, and murmured, "Certainly."

Jeanne held it in her hand, turned it about, tried it against her dress, and put it down again, while the shopkeeper looked her over and came to the conclusion that the whole business was going to be a waste of time. His mind wandered off into the third bunker of his home links from where, on the previous Sunday, he had taken six shots to lift his ball on to the fairway. Perhaps if he had stood a little further behind the wretched thing and laid the club back a bit more the result would have been more satisfactory; on the other hand, there was the danger that one might take too much sand altogether.

"It 's my birthday next week," Jeanne suddenly announced. The shopkeeper remembered where he was and then wondered whether, after all, her memory could be relied upon. What had this little fair woman's birthday got to do with anything?

"Yes," he answered politely, but in a tone of disbelief. Jeanne threw him an exasperated look.

"The point is that my husband gives me a present then, and I want him to give me this brooch," Jeanne continued. The light of understanding dawned in the shopkeeper's eyes; he began the speech which all who enter jewellers' shops know as well as any schoolboy knows the famous oration of Pericles; but Jeanne cut him short.

"I 'll give you sixty pounds for it," she said. The shopkeeper turned the brooch over lovingly in his fat fingers and, after shaking his head in the negative decisively for a moment or two and watching the granite jaw of his customer, suddenly said "Guineas." Jeanne murmured that that would be satisfactory, and then got down to the real business.

"My husband will never pay that amount," she announced calmly. The shopkeeper eyed her with reproach. What was the point of wasting his time, he asked himself. "But I have an idea," Jeanne continued. The shopkeeper's eyes were devoid of hope; he had heard many women put their ideas before him, and the one thing which was certain was that they would bear no relation to practical finance.

"Yes, madam," he said.

"I 'm going to send him along here; you are going to show him the brooch, which I shall have spoken to him about, and you will tell him that the price is forty-nine guineas." The shopkeeper looked at her and then wearily took up his tale.

"I can tell him any price you like, madam," he said, "but the price is sixty guineas, and calling it less doesn't make it so."

"I never supposed it would," Jeanne answered tartly. "I propose to give you a cheque for the difference. You see," she went on patiently as if she was dealing with an idiot, "a lot of men—and my husband is one of them—refuse to pay more than a certain amount for anything, and that amount, as far as my husband is concerned, is fifty pounds."

"But forty-nine guineas——"

"Is more than fifty pounds. I know; but being a business man he never discovers things like that until he writes out the cheque." Opening her bag she pulled out her cheque-book. "Is it a bargain?" she asked. The shopkeeper scratched his head and tried to see the catch. So long as he kept the brooch in the shop he couldn't see any.

"How shall I know your husband, madam?" he replied. Jeanne gave him her name and a description of her husband, which would have astonished the gentleman had he been present by its accuracy and pertinency.

"And when may I expect him, do you think, madam?"

"To-morrow evening at about half-past five, I should think," she said. "If not, then the next day at about the same time." She began to write out the cheque. "Forty-nine guineas you 're to ask him and not a penny more. I can trust you?"

"Certainly, madam. And am I to mention that you have been here?"

"Why, of course; but don't say anything about this." She waved her cheque at him. He took it, and after scanning it laid it down and bowed her to the door.

"Certainly not, madam," he assured her. When she had gone he replaced the brooch in the window and meditated.

A week to the day later a small, fair woman came down Vigo Street; she walked quickly and her lips were set. She did not stop to look in any jewellers' windows, and when she reached the shop where she had seen the brooch she pushed the door open with one savage movement. The shopkeeper recognised her at once and came forward with a beaming smile.

"I trust madam liked the brooch?" he said. "Madam is a judge of men, if I may say so." Jeanne Prosser looked at him with bulging eyes.

"Liked the brooch!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean——?" She stopped abruptly. "My husband has been here?" The smile was chased off the shopkeeper's face.

"Certainly," he said. "He came the very next evening, as you thought, at about a quarter to six. He saw the brooch in the window where I had replaced it. He told me a friend of his had mentioned it to him and told him how cheap it was. He examined it and said he entirely agreed, and he came back the next evening and paid for it in notes." Jeanne Prosser's tight lips became unloosed; her jaw dropped and she regarded the shopkeeper in amazement.

"He bought it!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly. He said it was the best bargain he had seen for a long time."

"You are sure you sold it to the right man?"

"I couldn't be mistaken after your description, madam. Besides, he paid in five-pound notes and I asked him to put his name on the back; a mere matter of precaution, of course."

"Of course," Jeanne echoed mechanically. Then she turned slowly away and went out of the shop. It occurred to her that two packs of cards and four bridge-markers was a poor present from any husband to his wife on her birthday; it also occurred to her that she was eleven guineas out of pocket, and a lot of other things occurred to her also, some of which will be occurring to her husband in the near future.

THE END.

"A Romany Song"

Lord Melchett opened Edward Seago's fourth one-man exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery last Friday. Seago is best known for his happy treatment of sporting subjects; he has painted men and women well known in the hunting and racing field, gipsies, poachers and circus folk, as well as publishing several books which he has illustrated. "A Romany Song" is from the newest exhibition

This England . . .

Landscape in Surrey.

THE MEN of the cities yearn for the things of the country . . . old turf, quiet valleys and abiding peace. There do they find themselves nearer to the heart of their race, nearer the source of honest kindly things, the arts of farm and forge, of loom and lathe . . . and good brewing. To them in their canyons of stone and steel comes Worthington, brewed in the age-long English tradition, redolent of the countryside, friendly and shining clear as the English character itself.

Women's Golf

A Feast of Foursomes

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE title does not solely refer to the joyful news that Birkdale are making themselves the kind hosts of BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes in 1937. That in itself is great news, for Birkdale is one of Lancashire's finest courses, and there is always an atmosphere of welcome and good cheer which has made Foursomes there something extra special. Dates are a difficulty till we see just how L.G.U. and Lancashire fixtures arrange themselves, with May 12th Coronation as the pivoting point, but it looks as if April (not too early in it) is likely. London Foursomes are to be March 16th, 17th, and 18th at Moor Park, and Roehampton Gold Cup, March 19th.

But what I was really meaning is that we have, in the last ten days, had one new Foursome fixture of really first-class importance, and another which is now a well-established hardy annual. If my gardening friends object that an annual cannot be established, I can only suggest they go and watch the Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes at Camberley Heath, which even a downpour that flooded the greens could not wash out of existence.

THE new plant is the Wentworth Ladies' Scratch Foursomes, which are played as a knock-out tournament, and ought to be a grand seed-bed for Curtis Cup couples, though Curtis Cup couples sounds almost as dangerous a sentence as the one which tripped up the lady who wanted two dozen double damask dinner napkins.

Being a new event, and coming closely after so many old ones, a few of the tip-toppers who had meant to come, such as some of the Troon-ers, dropped out, but enough remained to make things really interesting, and if a few comparatively mild pairs devoured tigers, no tournament is complete without that happening at least once. It was a thoroughly sporting affair, with a half-day break in the starting times so that folk who wanted could get to the Derby; Mr. Bridgland has given challenge cups and mementoes which really are beautiful and desirable: nineteenth holes, and even more, were frequent, and in the end a determined pair who have often borne with each other in BYSTANDER Foursomes, Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Nancy Halsted, came through. They were never up in the final until the nineteenth hole, where they won, and if Miss Enid Wilson had had enough practice to play anything like her normal game, it must have been a different story, for Miss Phyllis Wade, who partnered her, played grand golf. But there is always an if, and a different story waiting round the corner in every match; the fact remains that Miss Halsted dragged the side repeatedly out of trouble, Mrs. Crosthwaite never gave up trying, and their nineteenth hole was as pretty a piece of work as you could see.

OF which the moral seems to be that a really good couple, thoroughly used to each other, are worth more than many brilliant pairs who lack that cohesion. International Selection Committees may well ponder not a little on that subject, and will possibly thank Wentworth in years to come if this excellent new fixture gives them a chance of ready-made combinations of the tried, trusty, and true variety.

MISS PAM BARTON and Mr. Francis Francis, who eventually won at Camberley Heath, did not come into that category, for they had never played together before, and this fact, amongst others, such as Miss Dix-Perkins' good golf, very nearly meant that they took leave of the tournament in the first round. But they struggled home on the nineteenth, and gradually, as the week wore on, they welded into a good couple, ready and able to pick up each other's dropped shots. Royal Mid-Surrey—one must not forget that this is an inter-club affair, which gives a certain interest lacking in other events—certainly hit the ball the most enormous distances, though they were not quite consistent about it. Length must tell in the long run, though the story of the final, like so many others, would have been different if Mr. Cyril Gray had holed the short putts as well as he did the long, or some of Mrs. Davies' had gone down instead of only lipping the hole. (They represented The Berkshire.) Royal Mid-Surrey, on the other hand, kept down the number of putts by some goodly chipping. With sixteen holes played, they had only struck the ball sixty-three times and were 3 up. Their lead was down to 2 for lunch, and to 1 three holes later. A fighting finish looked possible, but the short putts obtruded again, Mid-Surrey went from strength to strength, and the match ended by Mr. Francis putting a real pin-splitter two yards past the fourteenth, and Miss Barton rolling in the putt for a 2. That 5 and 4 win was a good start to Miss Barton's golf as Champion.

UP north Lancashire have been busy with their Inter-Club Shield Championship, played at Wilpshire. Mrs. H. V. Newton was in great form, and her 76 headed Formby's winning return of 322, Miss Firth, and Miss P. Lloyd both contributing 81, and Mrs. W. P. Scott 84. Next came North Manchester and Pleasington with 341, Birkdale were 342, and Royal Lytham and St. Annes, 343. The second individual score was 80 from Miss F. Greenwood, of Birkdale, with Miss Corlett, Miss Blunn, Miss Firth, Miss Goldsworth and Miss P. Lloyd, 81.

THE real fun in the Northern Division of County Golf begins when Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire get at each other's throats next week. Meantime they have been dealing in their usual harsh fashion with Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, and Westmorland, though now and again these minor counties get in a shrewd nibble. Of such was Mrs. Percy's afternoon win, 3 and 1 from Miss Mary Johnson, who had beaten her 5 and 4 in the morning. Mrs. Percy had made a good earlier bid to beat Mrs. Temple Dobell, but for once she was actually outputted, Mrs. Dobell was round Gosforth Park in 78 and 79, and won each time on the seventeenth green.

It is not only the youngsters who can play good golf, especially at this time of year.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Camberley Heath Scratch Inter-Club Mixed Foursomes

Miss Pam Barton, the new Ladies' Champion, and Mr. Francis Francis won the Camberley Mixed Foursomes for Royal Mid-Surrey by beating Mrs. V. G. Davies and Mr. C. D. Gray (Berkshire "A") by 5 and 4 in the final

Mrs. Mellor and Mr. O. G. N. Turnbull, Berkshire "B," were the second pair from that county to reach the Camberley semi-final, in which they met the victorious Royal Mid-Surrey pair and lost by 2 and 1

Mrs. V. G. Davies and Mr. C. D. Gray, the Berkshire "A" runners-up, beat the Addington pair, Mrs. Heppel and Brig.-General Critchley, by 2 and 1 in last Wednesday's semi-final round

Looking at Tennis

Players Who Were in Last Week's News

St. George's Hill

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Lady Catherine Ramsden were at the St. George's Hill tournament last week. Tennis fills as much of their summer time as hunting does of the winter

The American Wightman Cup Team

Miss Carolin Babcock, Miss Helen Jacobs (captain), Mrs. Palfrey Fabyan, and Mrs. J. van Ryn are the four Americans who've come over for the Wightman Cup battles on Friday and Saturday. This is Helen Jacobs' tenth appearance in the tournament, Mrs. Fabyan (Sarah Palfrey that was) has played since 1930, Miss Babcock since 1933, Mrs. van Ryn is making her debut in the team

Mr. Cyril Myerscough and Miss Joy Cunningham

Left: Cyril Myerscough, son of Frederick Myerscough, the Dublin racehorse owner, and Joy Cunningham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Napier Cunningham, are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 9th. Miss Cunningham was beaten by Miss R. M. Hardwick in the third round of the St. George's Hill Women's Singles

Right: Baron Gottfried von Cramm reversed last year's Auteuil final results by beating Perry in the men's International Singles Championship of France. Frōken S. Sperling repeated her last year's success by again beating Mme. Mathieu in the finals of the Women's Singles

Champions of France

Salute to the New Champion

Grand Finale at St. Andrews

By J. S. F. Morrison

THE final of the Amateur Championship this year was a very great match, and there were some who said it was the best final that has ever been played.

I think that in the excitement of the moment people are apt to make statements which they would like to retract when they have had time to consider their subject fully and quietly. I, personally, think that the final of last year was even greater than this year's. I was delighted to see Hector Thomson win, because he is, and has been for two years, the best amateur golfer in the British Isles.

Just over a year ago, I wrote in the BYSTANDER that I expected Thomson to win the Amateur Championship at St. Anne's, where he got beaten in his first round at the 20th hole, and, strangely enough, the same fate nearly befell him this year, as he only beat Brigadier-General Critchley in his first round by doing a three at the 19th hole.

Thomson, who is tall and slender, employs a three-quarter back-swing, using a wide arc, and has a very full and free follow-through; he hits the ball a long way with apparently no effort, and is very seldom off the line. He is usually deadly round the greens, and a beautiful putter, but in this final he did not play these departments of the game with his usual skill; he was obviously nervous, and afraid to hit the ball up to the hole. Nevertheless, during the thirty-six holes played in the final, he got down in one putt on five occasions, and took three putts on three occasions, a very satisfactory result for a man who appeared to be putting badly.

J. FERRIER, of the Manly Golf Club, the Champion of Australia, is tall, broad, big, and strong, and decidedly a coarse golfer, but he is full of confidence, has no nerves, and is a most courageous player, who never during the whole week considered for a second the advisability of playing safe at a single hole. That he not only gets very good results, but keeps on getting them, no one can deny, and, moreover, the more critical the situation is the better he plays his shots.

Ferrier has a very peculiar habit. After all his full shots, both with the wooden and iron clubs, he allows his left foot to slip about twelve inches to square leg. This method cannot be sound, and one would think that it would be the cause of numerous wild shots, but, strange as it may seem, Ferrier very seldom hits an even slightly crooked shot. Against Sweeny he had reasonable putts for threes and the match at the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st holes, and finally holed one for victory on the 21st green. He is a very good and bold putter, and although he kneels down to take the line before every putt, he is a quick putter, as he hits the ball immediately he gets up. He appeared to me to push his putts off the heel of the club, and certainly does not swing the putter in the way the books tell us we ought to, but handsome is as handsome does, and he gets the ball into the hole, which is the main object; moreover, he never looks like hitting it anywhere else.

Nearly every good putter is a quick putter. I only know of one good putter who is really slow, and that is Dr. Willing, who has played for the United States in Walker Cup matches.

Americans at St. Andrews

Richard Chapman, beaten by Cyril Tolley in the second round, with Joe Ezar, his golfing mentor

IN the final, Ferrier got down in one putt on three occasions, and took three putts on four occasions, and yet he appeared to be putting considerably better than Thomson, who, strange to relate, actually obtained better results on the greens. Thomson not only drove magnificently, but looked as if he could go on driving magnificently for ever; he played only three drives which were not perfect, and, fortunately for him, not one of them cost him a stroke; with the wind on his back he sliced to blazes at the 9th, where his ball finished in the heather to the left of the 10th hole; he hit a low pull at the 10th in the second round, and drove into Deacon Syme at the 16th hole in the afternoon.

THOMSON never played out of the sand in the morning round, and only twice after lunch, when his iron shot at the 11th hole finished in Strath, and when, as I have written already, he drove into Deacon Syme. He was very close to the face here, and played a really wonderful shot out to the green, just under the bank, short of the hole. Thomson always looked the better golfer, but as one watched the match, it was obvious that Ferrier's guts might bring him victory, as it is by no means uncommon at the game of golf for the worse player to defeat the better, and if he did not occasionally do so we ordinary players would give up the game.

When Ferrier was three up on the 14th tee things looked black for Thomson, who was playing well but without confidence, when suddenly the latter won the 14th, 15th and 16th holes. Ferrier drove out of bounds from the 14th tee, took three putts at the 15th, and overshot the 16th green. Thomson was never down again, and after some very even play finally became dormy two, when he played the 35th according to Cocker, but ran his third past the hole, and lost it to a four by Ferrier, who played a wonderful second to a green which wise men seldom attempt to reach in two, because of the dangers surrounding it.

THE excitement was not yet over. Ferrier played a brave second at the 36th hole, which, in the air, looked likely to finish very near the hole, but it actually ran a few yards past, and then Thomson put his mashie shot stone dead—dead for you and me and even for the Editor; in other words, within twelve inches of the hole. Ferrier, by conceding the putt, very sensibly did not prolong the match.

Although I was glad to see the better golfer win, I could not help feeling sorry for the most gallant and most cheerful loser, who deserves just as many congratulations as the winner.

The Last Phase at St. Andrews

Hector Thomson, the new Amateur Champion, receiving the cup from Norman Boase, Provost of St. Andrews, with Jim Ferrier, the Australian Champion, standing by. The final produced some of the finest golf in the history of the Championship

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

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THE Talbot '105 Speed' Model provides sports motoring at its best. Holder of many records, it is famed as the first British car to regain, in 1932, the coveted Coupe des Alpes after an interval of eighteen years, a success repeated in 1934. 1936 brings still further refinements, while yielding up no part of the qualities of speed and endurance that have maintained, and increased, Britain's prestige on the roads of the world. The Talbot tradition of invincibility has never been more finely expressed than in the Talbot '105'!

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Golf Clubs at Home

Cupar Club, Fife

(1) J. Burns (secretary) and R. E. Mackie (ex-captain). (2) W. A. Moffat (vice-captain) and T. Reid. (3) H. D. Williamson and J. L. B. Robertson (committee member). (4) J. P. Coulter and J. C. Brownlie. (5) R. W. Garland and James Welch. (6) D. McColm and A. F. Noble. (7) G. B. Taylor and F. B. Robertson. (8) W. Rose and James Simpson

In the height of the season, and with this democratic city of ours becoming more formal every minute—Simpsons dedicate this advertisement to Royal Ascot, and the appropriate clothes therefor • The distinguished personage on the right shows you fairly clearly what such clothes should be. Permissible variations are a double collar instead of the wide-winged one, and some men prefer notched lapels to double breasted. Also, as we show on the left, there are a number of variations allowed to you in the choice of materials • To enable us to do our very best for you, it would be a good thing if you came in about your Ascot clothes as soon as possible now. Here are some prices, which vary of course with material : Black coat, from 5 guineas. Striped trousers, 55/-. Grey waistcoat, 25/-. Grey top hat, 2 guineas. The pull-on chamois gloves, slightly unconventional, 12/6.

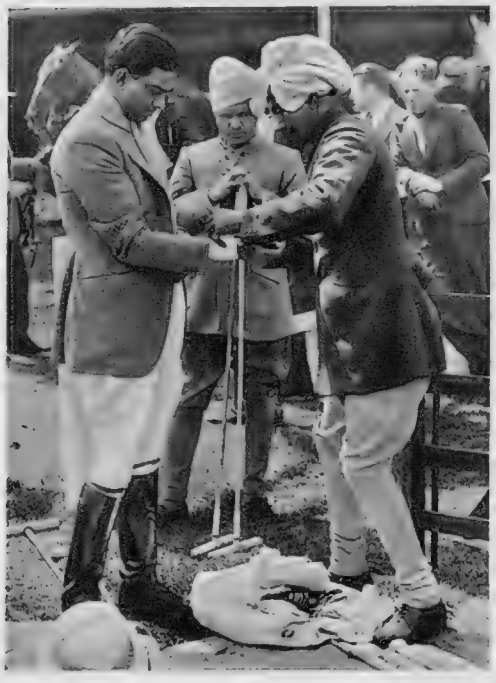
SIMPSON 202 PICCADILLY, REGENT 2002

Comdt. J. G. O'Dwyer with Limerick Lace

Comdt. J. G. O'Dwyer won the King George V. Cup on the eleven-year-old chestnut gelding Limerick Lace at the International Horse Show at Olympia, with only three faults. The cup therefore remains in the Irish Free State; it was won last year by Captain Lewis on Tramore Bay

Wentworth Winners and Runners-up

Miss Nancy Halsted (left centre) and Mrs. Crosthwaite (right centre), seen with their trophies and replicas, won the Wentworth Open Scratch Foursomes by beating Miss Phyllis Wade (left) and Miss Enid Wilson at the nineteenth hole in the final



Before the America v. The Rest Match

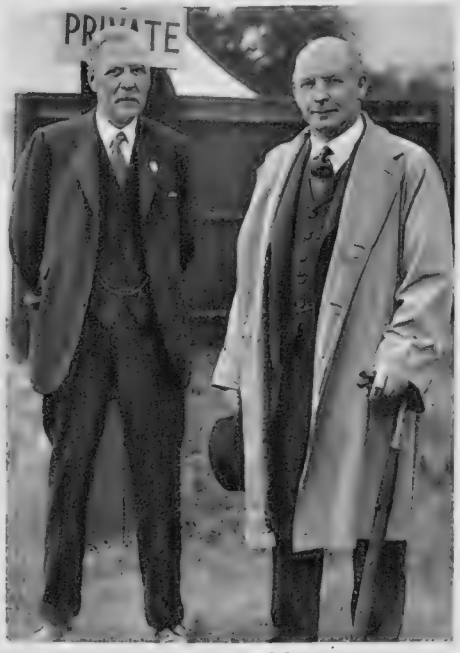
The Maharajah of Jaipur had his arm bandaged before the America v. The Rest trial match at Hurlingham. 3000 spectators watched the American side win by 20 goals to 5

Mr. Michael Barton

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

THIS summer sport is working itself into a fine frenzy. Look at the events which clamour for our attention this week—the Wightman Cup match at Wimbledon on Friday and Saturday, the Westchester Cup polo matches between U.S.A. and Great Britain, a Test trial match, North v. South, at Lord's on Saturday, not to mention the mounting interest in athletics, and a fight between Max Baer and Jack Petersen in the offing.



At Towcester 'Chases

The Hon. Gilbert Johnstone, Lord Derwent's brother, has been largely responsible for the improvements made in the Towcester course. He and Lord Hesketh (right) were both at the Whit Monday meeting there

Left: Michael Barton (Oriel) made a century two years running for Eton against Winchester at Lord's; next month he will have his chance of a third when he opens for Oxford against Cambridge

FIRST the Wightman Cup, and we shall hope fervently that our ladies will do themselves justice against America. The L.T.A. team, composed of the Misses Dearman, Hardwick, James, Lyle, Round and Stammers, is much as we expected it to be, though I cannot help regretting that so good a player as Miss A. M. Yorke had to be left out. Miss Yorke took two doubles titles in the French Championships, but unfortunately she has not been playing regularly with a British doubles partner. In the circumstances, it was perhaps impossible to break up our doubles pairs—Miss Stammers and Miss James, holders of the Wimbledon title, and Miss Lyle and Miss Dearman, who are unbeaten in Wightman Cup matches. I am inclined to think, though, that Miss Yorke and, say, Miss Noel or Miss Nuthall, would probably beat and certainly press either of these pairs very hard.

STILL, there it is. If Miss Round is really fit we may hope that she will hold and beat Miss Jacobs, but there is uncertainty about Miss Stammers' prospects against Mrs. Fabyan. Miss Stammers has shown variable form on the Continent, but we must remember that she vastly prefers turf, and will probably be at her best at Wimbledon. And her best should be good enough.

(Concluded on page iv)

SHOOTING SIDELIGHTS

SHOOTING SCHOOL

"*Well, it looks pretty good now.*"

"Yes : have you got any more good advice like your overhauling suggestion ? "

"*Since you've asked for it, I have. Try having yourself overhauled, too.*"

"Meaning ? "

"*Visit a shooting school. When the season starts you're going to experience rather a change from the odd vermin, pigeon or rabbit shooting you've been doing since Christmas, and it's better not to have to spoil your first few days picking up the rhythm again.*"

"That sounds reasonable. What do they do ; take you to pieces like a gun and clean out the rust ? "

"*Something like it. They check up your stance, grip, mounting and aim first, in case you've slipped into bad habits or your physique has changed since the gun was made. They find out the sort of things you don't realise are wrong until you've had them pointed out to you.*"

"It sounds like a visit to the tailor. What happens next ? "

"*Oh ! then they give you some practice at all the things you are likely to meet from August onwards—walking up, driven grouse and partridges, high pheasants or what you will. All the time with an expert at your elbow putting you right. As a matter of fact, the part I most value is the way they can repeat the same bird again and again until I've got it right ; it's a great help in learning to deal with that bugbear most of us know—the one bird we always miss.*"

"Yes, I know that one, too—I'll try it. Now what about cartridges ? "

"*That's easy ; see that they have ELEY-KYNOCH on the heads. You'll find that the vast majority of shooting men in this country are content to depend on that mark for their cartridges.*"

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A leaflet giving hints on the destruction of these pests is available from Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, Dept. S.A.15, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, London, S.W.1.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.1

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Memoirs of a London Magistrate: By Alan Thomas

FEW men have more opportunities for observing human nature than magistrates, especially Metropolitan magistrates. Their conversation is mostly with sinners (or, rather, with those sinners unlucky enough to be found out). Yet by this contact their outlook never seems to be embittered. On the contrary, you rarely come across a magistrate who takes anything but a kindly, tolerant view of life. Perhaps it is that they have too many occasions for remembering that "There, but for the grace of God. . . ." However that may be, magistrates are a humane tribe, and surely one of the most humane is Sir Chartres Biron, whose reminiscences, entitled *Without Prejudice*, have just been published by Faber and Faber at 15*s*.

Sir Chartres was born in 1863 and was brought up in a politico-legal atmosphere. He has many good stories to tell of his days at Eton and Trinity, of his practice at the Criminal Bar, of his early efforts at authorship (he once wrote a parody of Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, and a play which had a week's run in the provinces before the appalling discovery was made that it had never been licensed), of his travels (he went round the world in forty-one days), of his yachting experiences, of his friendship with such literary lights as Arnold Bennett, and of his life as a magistrate, first at Worship Street Court, then at Old Street, and finally as Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, where, among the many cases he tells of, one must be quoted as demonstrating what I have said about the humaneness or humanity of magistrates.

A respectable-looking man was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Trafalgar Square. The only thing in dispute was the disorder. On being questioned, the policeman, looking very shocked, said: "Your Worship, he was a-kissing the lions." "This belated tribute to Landseer's genius," says Sir Chartres, "I refused to condemn."

The book concludes with an account of the decline and fall of Horatio Bottomley, including some sample perorations from his war-time speeches and the different charges he made for each.

Without Prejudice is the most entertaining memoir I have read for a long time, and I can only say, as countless others must have said to Sir Chartres: "Thank you, your Worship."

AND now let me introduce you to *The General*, by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 7*s*. 6*d*.). I do so with confidence, for I should have to think a long way back before I could name any book which has given me greater pleasure than this latest novel of Mr. Forester's. I can indicate its flavour best by saying that if you like reading Mr. Somerset Maugham's books, then you will like this one. And that comparison is, in my view, pretty high praise.

The book is a portrait of Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Curzon, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., nowadays one of Bournemouth's seven generals. We see him first in command of his squadron, winning his D.S.O. in the battle of Volkslaagte. Already we know the manner of man he is. When the air is whistling with bullets he walks leisurely along the firing-line, speaking to his men by name, steadily and unemotionally, as he reaches each in turn. In the mess he maintains a chill reserve and ingrained frigid good manners. His desire is to conform to type.

In the first days of the Great War he receives his colonelcy and his orders to proceed to France. Mons, Le Cateau, Ypres—our Colonel is now a General. Home on leave, men seek his company. He is invited to dine with a Duke—who has a daughter. Curzon himself is an aristocrat by temperament but not by birth. His parents are fortunately dead, but there is an aunt in Brixton. The less said about her the better—in ducal circles. His marriage with Lady Emily—malgré the Duchess—is a step in the right direction. He proceeds from strength to strength, from commanding a Division, that is to say, to commanding a Corps. To some Curzon will appear as a fine type of officer, a stern disciplinarian, one of the sort that have made England what she is. Others will regard him as a conventional snob, ambitious, ruthless, saved from the consequences of a natural stupidity only by a merciless capacity to "drive." But whatever you think of him, you will agree that Mr. Forester has given us the portrait of a man. *The General* will be popular with all ranks—and deservedly so.

Sir Chartres Biron

Has just published his autobiography under the title "Without Prejudice." It is a colourful patchwork of judicial memoirs and anecdotes (he was a Metropolitan Magistrate for thirty years, as well as Chief Magistrate at Bow Street for half that time), sewn together with sporting and literary yarns. This drawing of Sir Chartres in his Royal Yacht Squadron cap was done by Kathleen Shackleton

IN *Footnotes to the Ballet* (Lovat Dickson; 18*s*.), a number of specialists discuss various aspects of ballet from the standpoint of their particular subject. Among the contributors are Arnold Haskell on The Dancer, Constant Lambert on Music and Action, Alexandre Benois on The Décor and Costume, Lydia Sokolova on The Rôle, and Anthony Asquith on Ballet and the Film. The editor of the book, Caryl Brahms, writes on Choreography. As Colonel de Basil suggests in the Foreword, the progress of ballet depends—like a good many other things—on an instructed public. The more intelligently critical the public, the better for ballet. But even then we English are up against peculiar difficulties. In the words of Lydia Sokolova, who is herself English and has spent some years training ballet dancers: "From the time an English child is born, every move that is possible towards making it suppress its natural emotions takes place. We are told not to cry when we are hurt, and not to laugh loudly, because it annoys other people. We are encouraged to be nice, well-behaved children on every possible occasion. . . . Yet people are still frequently asking me why English dancers as a general rule seem unable to express themselves on the stage."

This book is copiously illustrated and will be welcomed by all balletomanes.

NO book could be more appropriate to the moment than Mr. C. R. Benstead's *Atlantic Ferry* (Methuen; 12*s*. 6*d*.), for it is an account of the ancestors of the Queen Mary. The family is not an ancient one. Little more than a hundred years ago the crossing of the North Atlantic had to be achieved in a sailing clipper. Then came the hybrids which used both steam and sail. The first Cunarder was the barque-rigged, thousand-ton, paddle-wheeled Britannia, that in 1840 accomplished her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days. She it was who founded the family of which the Queen Mary is the latest descendant. Mr. Benstead's story of the development of Atlantic liners is amazingly comprehensive, and though written by an expert, makes easy reading for the novice. It is admirably illustrated and indexed.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Dover Street Studios

There is something very young and graceful about this picture frock in flowered organza. It is designed by Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, and is primarily destined for evening wear, though it is equally suitable for Ascot, as there is an accompanying coatee in plain green taffeta with built-up shoulders and a flared basque. A cluster of wild flowers softens the neckline, while the swathed belt is twisted with green. There is a silk underskirt, and the price is 10½ guineas. Many of the lovely frocks to be seen in these salons are accompanied by full-length redingotes in double net, georgette, or some equally diaphanous material

Simple Lines For Smart Occasions

A printed crêpe de Chine frock often demands a plain and somewhat severe hat, like the one on the left in brown baku with shallow crown and straight brim. It is trimmed with crushed velvet petals in contrasting shades, and may be seen at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, together with the other models on this page. The bandeau which holds it in position is also appliquéd with petals

Equally charming is this shady hat in ballibuntal straw, with tucked crown and pointed ears. The brim turns up at the back and dips forward over the right eye, while a cluster of woodland flowers adds a finishing touch. Woodrow's also specialise in light-weight felts for the country, as well as double terais for the Tropics. Their illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free

For really hot days there is this picture hat in mauve baku. The wide brim sweeps forward and may be worn either up or down at the back. A formal bunch of violets surrounded by layers of net is seen on the sloping crown, while a bandeau of these flowers has a restraining influence on stray curls. Ostrich plumes trim another feather-weight hat in black parri-buntal straw

Dover Street Studios

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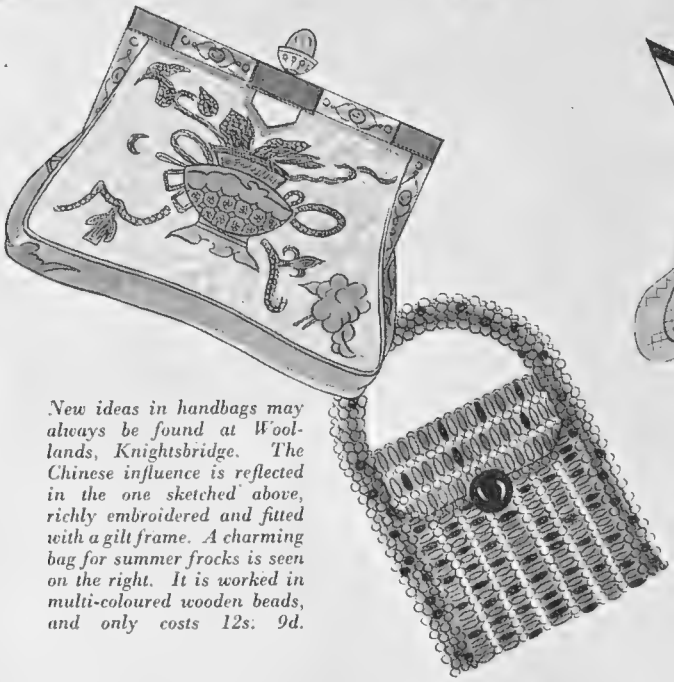
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

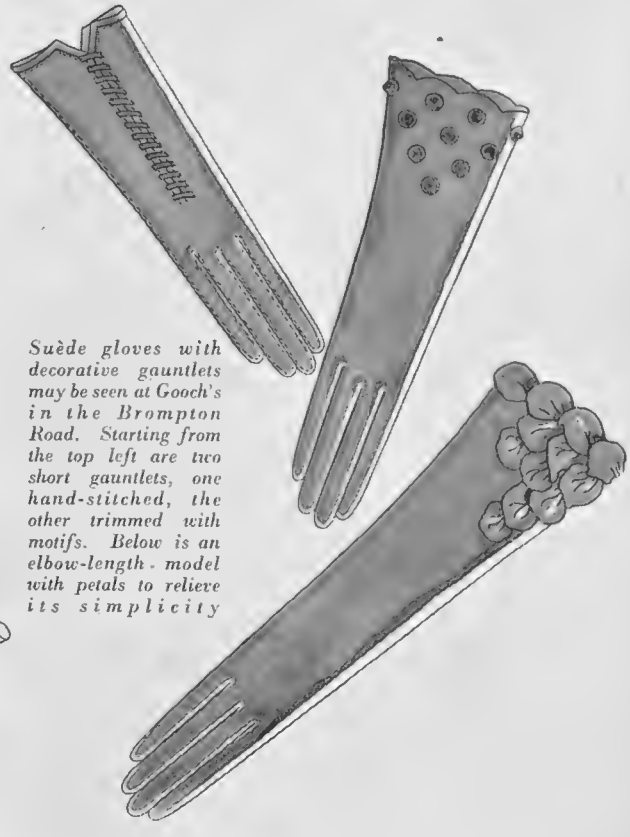
DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM



New ideas in handbags may always be found at Woollands, Knightsbridge. The Chinese influence is reflected in the one sketched above, richly embroidered and fitted with a gilt frame. A charming bag for summer frocks is seen on the right. It is worked in multi-coloured wooden beads, and only costs 12s. 9d.

A becoming halo for the young debutante is seen on the right. It costs 15s. 9d., and comes from Harvey Nichols. The ears of wheat are a change from flowers, though the latter remain equally fashionable

A plain black frock would be considerably refreshed by one or other of these detachable collars from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Stiffened georgette, finely pleated, makes the affair above, which draws into a frill round the neck, while the pierrot ruffle on the right is of white net strewn with black velvet spots



Suède gloves with decorative gauntlets may be seen at Gooch's in the Brompton Road. Starting from the top left are two short gauntlets, one hand-stitched, the other trimmed with motifs. Below is an elbow-length model with petals to relieve its simplicity

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★*PENSION TOURNANTE*
Visitors enjoy wide choice of places to eat.

Looking down on the Swimming Pool and Beach Hotel

An Empire Air Race

By Charles Ward

Another Gold Rush

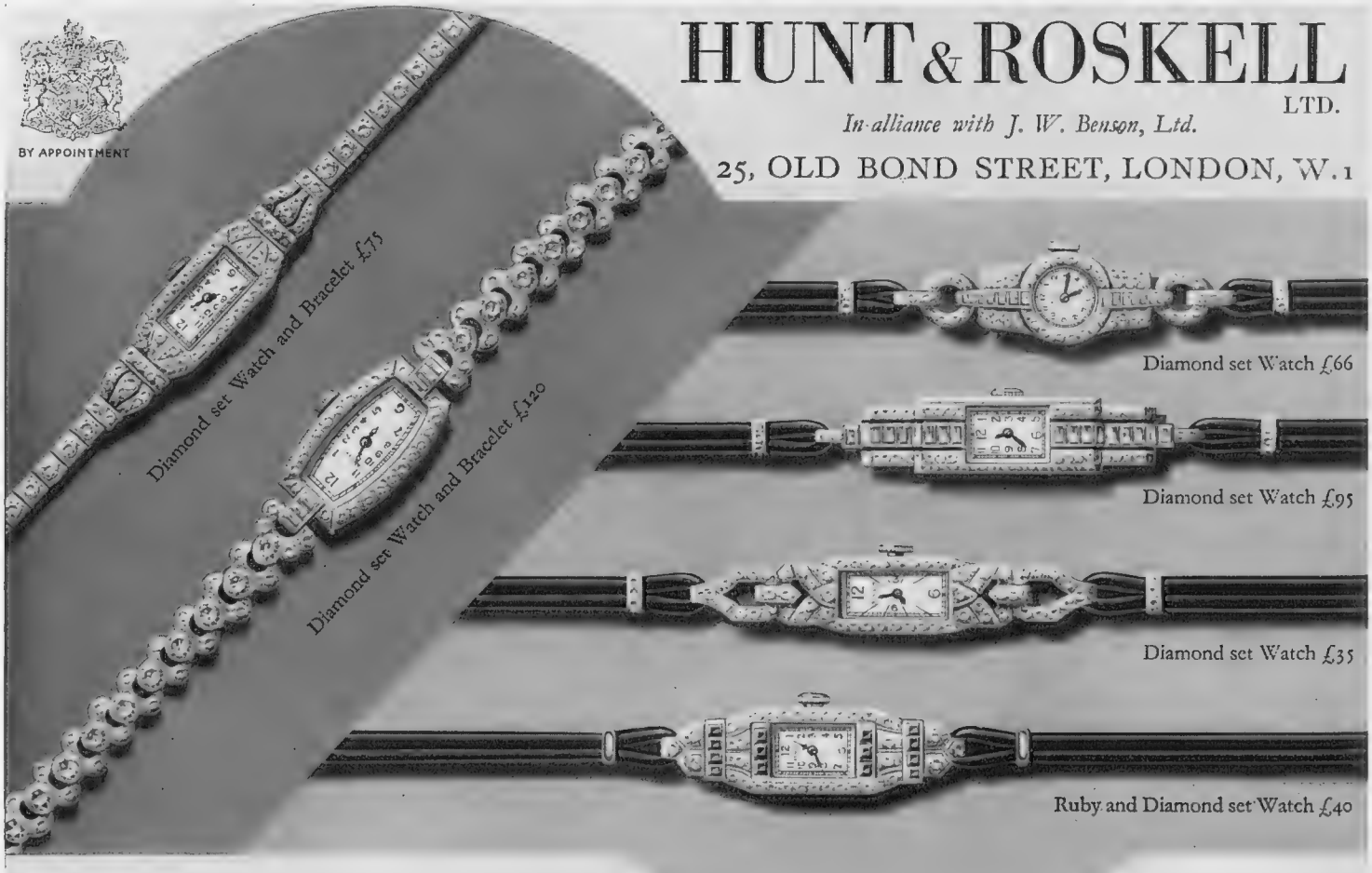
THE ROYAL AERO CLUB is considering plans for an air race to Johannesburg, due to start on September 15th. Entries are limited to aircraft and pilots of the British Empire, and the prize money, put up by Mr. I. W. Schlesinger, a South African industrialist, is £10,000. The Empire Exhibition opens at Johannesburg on September 15th, and the race is proposed as an additional attraction. Perhaps it is a good idea to eliminate special entries designed for the race. There is obviously no time to build a machine to take part. Every entry must be a standard aircraft, modified to suit the conditions yet to be announced. The route follows the Imperial line—Cairo, Nairobi, and Salisbury in Rhodesia. The 'planes will be handicapped, but there will be a special prize, quite substantial enough to cover the expenses of the trip, for the fastest time, irrespective of handicap. Perhaps our aircraft manufacturers will think it worth while to enter machines. It was a matter of considerable regret that there were not more British machines at the Stockholm Exhibition, especially as the Scandinavian countries are well disposed towards our aviation products. But there was no prize for exhibiting at Stockholm, whereas at Johannesburg there is much gold on offer. The Union Government's choice of some foreign aircraft for their main routes should be an additional incentive to demonstrate what British aircraft can do. It is understood that the promoter's idea in giving such short notice is to eliminate freaks and to encourage the entries of normal types, carrying a useful load, or at any rate capable of doing so. Some of the entries will, no doubt, be competing in the race from Paris to Saigon, in Indo-China, which is being flown during October. The prizes in this case amount to about £16,000 at the present rate of exchange.

Marine Craft

HUBERT SCOTT-PAINE, designer and pilot of the last word in sea-going motor-boats, was for many years the presiding genius at Supermarine's, before Vickers took over. He acquired Supermarine's from Pemberton Billing and became a director of Imperial Airways when that company bought his interest in marine aircraft operations as distinct from manufacture. H. S.-P. was more of a sailor—or, to use a more ancient word, "mariner"—than an airman. It was partly for this reason that the Supermarine flying-boat became so successful, for there were many that could make an aircraft that would fly, but it required the nautical touch to direct the design of a flying-boat that would take off, land and float in a bad sea. Scott-Paine's adventures in America during his "duels" with Gar Wood are well known, but his triumph over here in producing a motor-boat that can be a real life-saver, another that is used as a target for live bombs, and a more spectacular type still that could be a menace to any warship that threatened our trade or our shores has been shrouded by considerable secrecy. Recent trials of the R.A.F. Rescue

(*Concluded on page* ii)

At Hatfield—Ralph Richardson, with his wife and Laurence Olivier, was at the London Flying Club when this picture was taken. Hatfield is the de Havilland aerodrome and home of the Moths and Dragons



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An Empire Air Race

Continued from page 484)

Boat from Grimsby to Southampton, 373 miles at more than 36 miles an hour, confirm the assurance that British ships are still better than those produced anywhere else. This 64-foot motor-boat, with its three "Sea Lion" Napier engines totalling 1500 horse-power, is comparable in its own class to the Queen Mary. The third type—it might be called a mosquito-boat—is designed to carry torpedoes, and can be manœuvred in a rough sea at very high speed. With a thousand of them at the disposal of the Navy, no hostile fleet would remain afloat for very long!

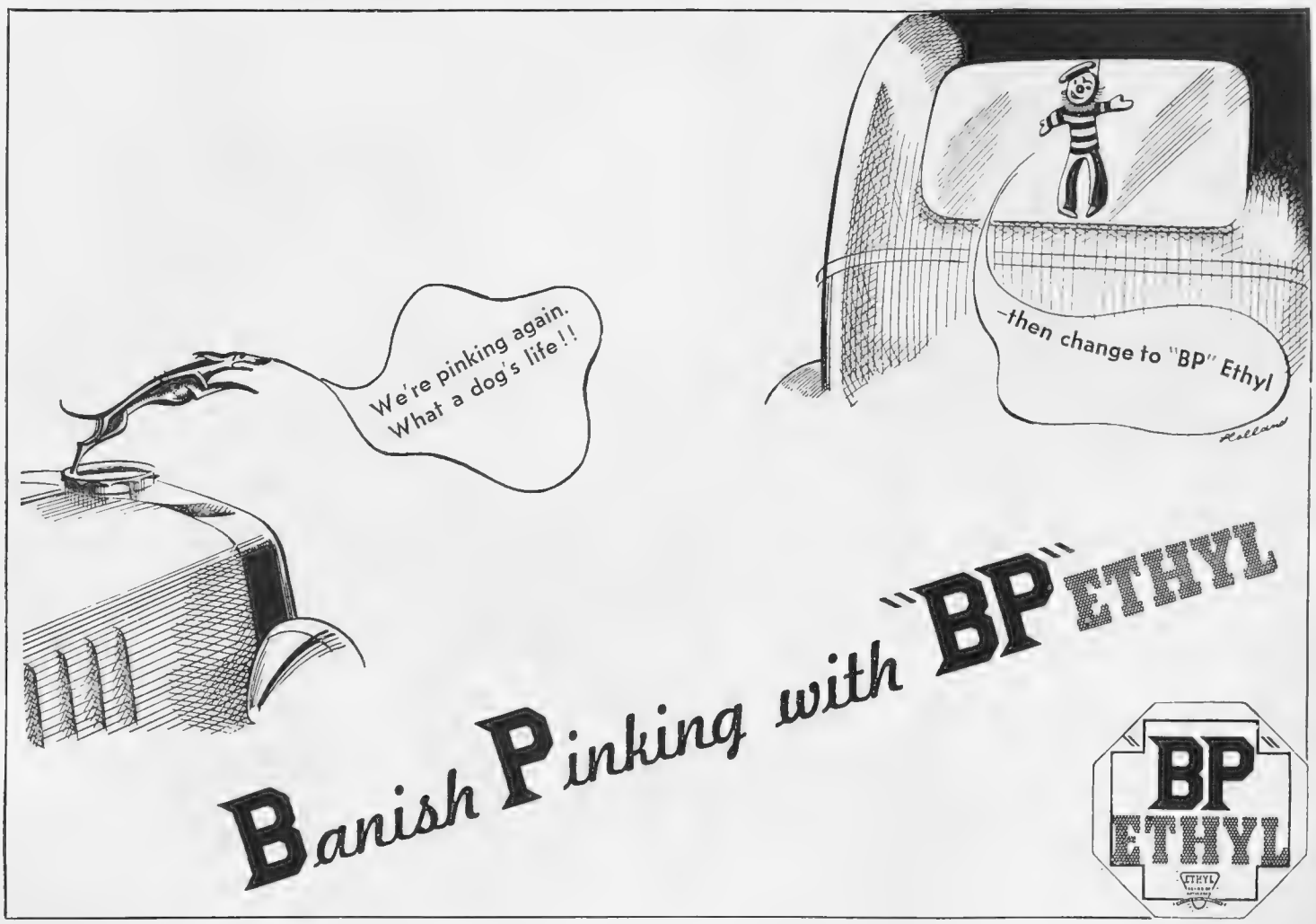
Round About the Airport

A CLOSER view of Gatwick confirms an early impression that the main conception is right. The controlling authorities have profited by other people's mistakes. The terminal building, for instance, is planned with the idea of securing an even flow of traffic in and out. Passengers, however inexperienced in air travel, cannot lose their way, miss the "boat," or fail to find anything they can reasonably require whilst waiting. The covered way or underwalk from railway station to air terminus is a good selling point. The only criticism I have to make is that the Southern Railway has not gone far enough. There is no siding for a slip-coach to be unloaded, so that non-stop trains from Victoria cannot carry traffic for the air route. On the flying field itself, everything has been done to speed up "movements," as they call it at Heston. One-way traffic is the rule for aircraft when loading for a take-off or unloading before proceeding to the petrol pump or the hangar. There should be no congestion on the ground and no need for traffic lights or "cops." Complete night-landing equipment has been installed and British Airways is the first company to make regular use of the facilities.

Entries for the King's Cup

THE race for the King's Cup takes place from Hatfield on July 10th and 11th. There were twenty entries at normal fees, headed by the Mew Gull, the choice of the Duke of Kent, which is to be flown once again by its designer, Captain Percival. The remainder of the field consists of eight Hawks, including the twin Gipsy-engined "Peregrine"; five Vega Gulls, the type flown to the Cape and back by Mrs. Mollison; two twin-engined 'planes from the British Aircraft factory; a "Dragonfly" from de Havilland's, an "Eagle," a Comper "Swift," and the T.K.2. All entries rely on Gipsy engines.

Personalities at the 70th Anniversary reception of the Royal Aeronautical Society. From l. to r.: Professor Hill, designer of the Pterodactyl; Mr. Griffith Brewer, the oldest active British pilot, aged seventy; and Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of our technical contemporary, "The Aeroplane"



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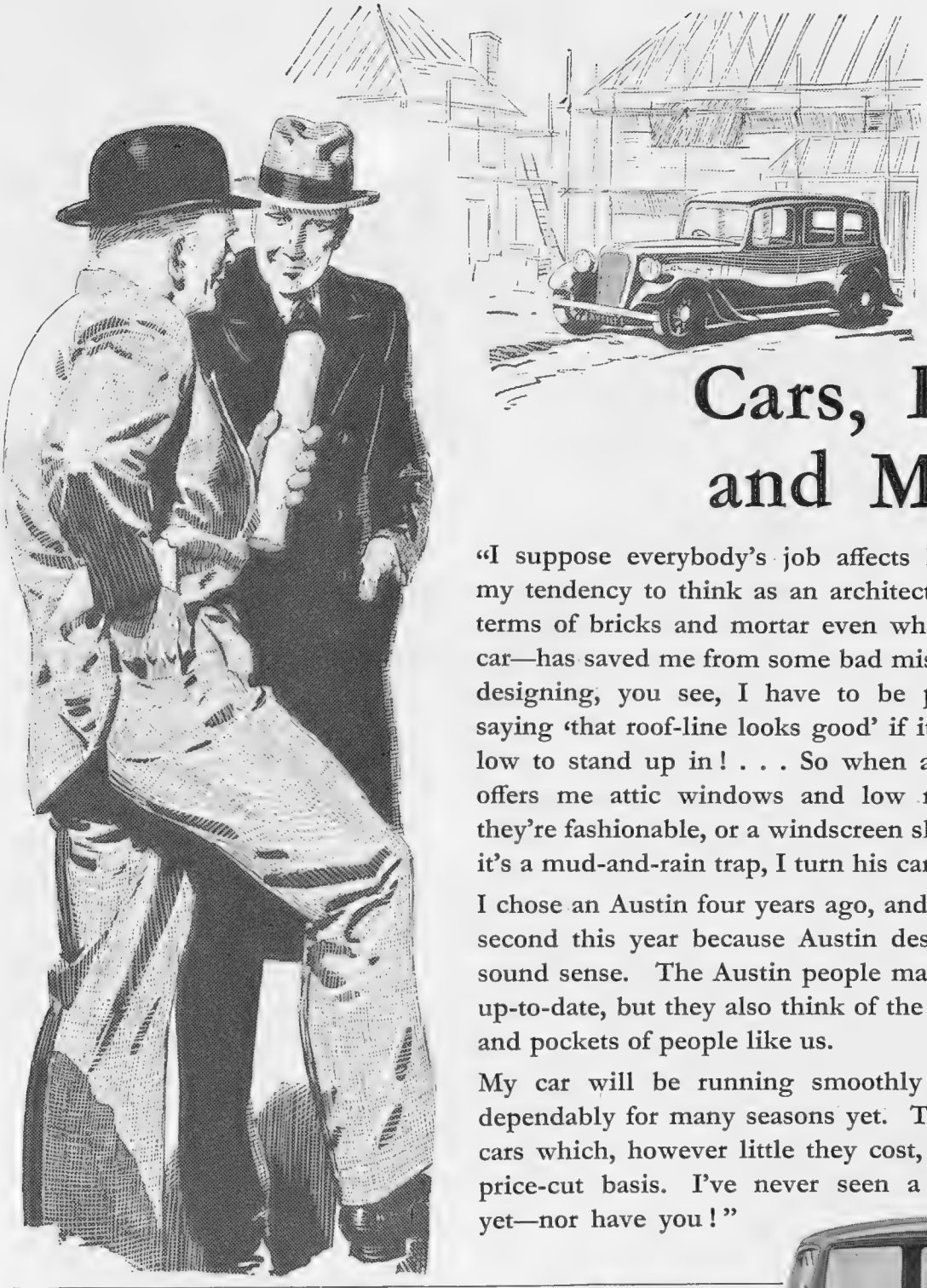
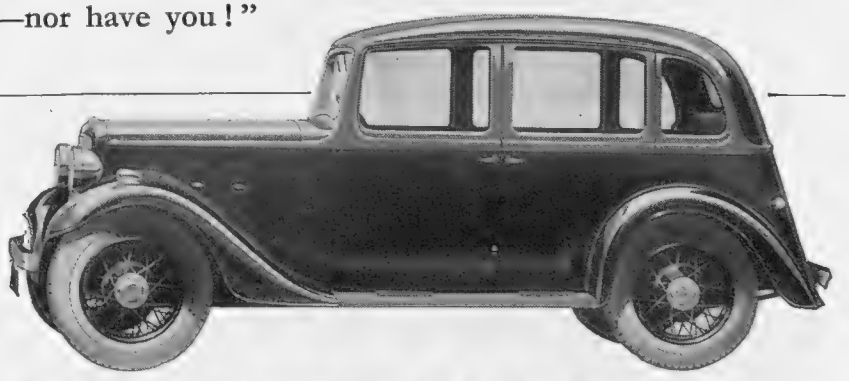


Cars, Bricks and Mortar

"I suppose everybody's job affects his outlook. And my tendency to think as an architect—to see things in terms of bricks and mortar even when I'm choosing a car—has saved me from some bad mistakes. In my own designing, you see, I have to be practical. No use saying 'that roof-line looks good' if it means rooms too low to stand up in! . . . So when a car manufacturer offers me attic windows and low roof lines because they're fashionable, or a windscreen sloped so much that it's a mud-and-rain trap, I turn his cars down flat.

I chose an Austin four years ago, and I'm investing in a second this year because Austin designs are based on sound sense. The Austin people make a car smart and up-to-date, but they also think of the comfort and safety and pockets of people like us.

My car will be running smoothly and cheaply and dependably for many seasons yet. That's the beauty of cars which, however little they cost, are not built on a price-cut basis. I've never seen a jerry-built Austin yet—nor have you!"



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Summer Sport *(continued from page 476)*

THE French Championships, let us admit, proved in the end a little disturbing from our point of view. H. W. Austin, as you know, pulled a ligament in his leg, and had to retire, and these pulled ligaments are tiresome. They are apt to go again at critical moments, and Wimbledon is not so far away now. Besides, an injury of that kind, however trivial it may be, does not help a player's confidence, and that brings me to Perry's rather significant defeat by Baron Gottfried von Cramm.

Perry had his moments of greatness. In the second set, for example, he was truly masterful, and there is no doubt that his skill remains. Where he failed was in the vital matter of concentration. Tennis of the highest class is so influenced by states of mind, by psychological reactions, that it was rather puzzling to find Perry losing grip at moments of crisis. That von Cramm has improved is certain, and there is not a keener or more intelligent and thoughtful player in the world to-day. Clearly we must reckon with him, but Perry, in the mood, is still the more forceful and destructive of the two.

This Perry problem is difficult, and everything turns upon his power to regain his concentration and full zest for the game. Naturally, as he said himself, we must give him time to return to his deadliest form, and I think we shall see the old Perry dominant at Wimbledon. Then we shall be able to measure von Cramm's progress accurately.

Did you notice, by the way, the results in the Davis Cup zone final, when Australia beat America? They have, beyond question, a significance. Donald Budge, the red-headed young American, beat both Crawford and Quist, and both Crawford and Quist beat Allison, America's No. 1 player. The singles at Wimbledon this year are going to be fierce indeed, and I regard Budge particularly as a menace.

As I write, the teams for Saturday's cricket trial match have not been announced. I know that our selectors are wisely determined to make the North and South qualifications as elastic as they please, so that the game may be a comprehensive trial. Young Gimblett, of Somerset, is certain to be playing, and a really good player he is, but the question is whether A. B. Sellers or R. E. S. Wyatt will be given the captaincy of the North. This captaincy continues to be the urgent cricket problem. Here are the candidates, with their qualifications and some comments:

G. O. Allen. A fine all-rounder, and deadly keen, excellent in many ways. He is, however, a fast bowler, he was born in Australia, and he has had very little experience of captaincy.

A. B. Sellers. A grand captain and a strong character. Just the man for Australia, but, although he is a splendid field, hardly a good enough batsman to be worth his place.

C. T. Ashton. Very successful captain of Cambridge, and a brilliant batsman. All depends on whether he makes runs for Essex from now on.

Maurice Turnbull. Admirable batsman and captain. Charming personality. Unlucky so far in representative matches, but a strong candidate.

E. R. T. Holmes. Great success on recent M.C.C. tour in Australia and New Zealand. Improving batsman, useful all-rounder. So far not proved himself a great captain. Still a possibility.

Well, there you are—take your choice, and pity the selectors and the M.C.C. Committee who have the last word.

JUST a note on the selection of J. A. A. Langley to represent Great Britain in the Walker Cup matches against America. I find the golfing world enthusiastic. One of our leading players said to me the other day: "The important thing about it is that it will stimulate parents to have their sons properly coached. We shall see the results in four or five years' time, when I 'm certain we shall have some really first-class youngsters." That aspect of it had not occurred to me, though it seems sound enough.

I am afraid, judging by the trial games, that the Americans are bound to retain the Westchester Cup in the international matches which begin to-day (June 10th). My polo expert is pessimistic, and so are all his knowing friends. Still, if the sun is shining, how pleasant it will be at Hurlingham, and this year for the first time polo has become a popular spectacle.

JUST a word about the proposed Baer-Petersen fight. Baer, I think, overrates his value. He is sticking out for a prodigious purse, but in this country we do not rank him very high. He is magnificently powerful, but his boxing limitations have been drastically exposed, and he has fought so little recently that we cannot regard him seriously as a representative heavy-weight. Petersen, I think, would have an excellent chance of beating him.

A valedictory note upon Carnera, the Ambling Alp, who was carried out of the ring with a paralysed leg by six policemen recently, saying, "I am done. I am finished. I am all washed-up." Poor, bewildered giant, I have always felt sorry for him, plunged into the boxing racket, exploited, afraid to punch anything approaching his full weight, ridiculed, and now beaten and broken. If the full story of Carnera's ring career could be told, it would open the eyes of some who fondly imagine that boxing is a romantic sport. And I still think that any man in the world, Joe Louis included, would hesitate considerably even now before engaging Carnera in a straightforward street-corner fight.

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: May Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last place.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

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Mrs. W. W. Duncan ..	Gullane No. 2	76	8	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Ball	Belton Park	82	13	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. G. S. Fletcher ..	Erewash Valley ..	81	14	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. C. A. Bridgland	East Berks.	81	14	67	74	7 ,,
Miss N. B. Sheldon ..	Camberley Heath ..	85	17	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. B. Woodrow ..	Stockport	80	13	67	73	6 ,,
Miss J. Ellis	Shirley Park	82	13	69	75	6 ,,
Miss K. Fadzean ..	Irvine	86	15	71	77	6 ,,
Mrs. E. de Moss ..	Ashridge	86	16	70	76	6 ,,
Miss D. P. Smith ..	Exmouth	82	17	65	71	6 ,,
Miss V. Jennings ..	Cooden Beach	73	2	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Sheppard ..	Hawkstone Park ..	78	8	70	75	5 ,,
Miss Shipman ..	Prenton	82	12	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Nairn	Harewood Downs ..	82	12	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Forbes Wyse ..	Ranfurly Castle ..	85	12	73	78	5 ,,
Miss F. Atkins ..	Beeston Fields ..	82	13	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. J. A. Jarvis ..	Retford	83	17	66	71	5 ,,
Miss E. Pitts	Goodwood	84	17	67	72	5 ,,
Miss M. C. F. Wishart	Irvine	89	17	72	77	5 ,,
Miss A. M. Bradshaw	Retford	83	17	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. P. B. Sherwood	Wilpshire	81	10	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. W. P. Nairn ..	Chigwell	83	13	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. R. W. Love ..	Irvine	87	14	73	77	4 ,,
Mrs. D. Jorgensen ..	Sundridge Park ..	87	16	71	75	4 ,,
Miss Knox	Nuneaton	83	17	66	70	4 ,,
Miss M. Askew ..	Northants County ..	91	17	74	78	4 ,,
Miss Pepper	Wallasey	81	13	68	71	3 ,,
Mrs. Long	Olton	85	14	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Garratt	Nuneaton	82	15	67	70	3 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. M. K. Foster ..	Aston Wood	95	32	63	76	13 below
Mrs. Howard	Lymm	93	33	60	72	12 ,,
Mrs. Ffoulkes-Jones ..	Llangollen	94	34	60	72	12 ,,
Mrs. Fennell	Thanet	94	34	60	72	12 ,,
Mrs. Cartwright ..	Nuneaton	95	36	59	70	11 ,,
Mrs. T. W. Wheeldon	Retford	80	19	61	71	10 ,,
Miss M. Evan ..	Heswall	98	35	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. J. B. Stone ..	Retford	87	25	62	71	9 ,,
Mrs. P. M. Trippas ..	Ladbrook Park ..	91	27	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. H. Dickinson ..	Bramhall	97	31	66	75	9 ,,
Miss Rew	Exeter	96	31	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. D. Jones ..	Pollards Hill	94	32	62	71	9 ,,
Mrs. McIntyre ..	Shirley Park	99	33	66	75	9 ,,
Miss I. Bateman ..	Shirley Park	86	19	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. L. Smelt ..	Aberdare	79	20	59	67	8 ,,
Miss Richards ..	North Oxford	89	26	63	71	8 ,,
Miss B. J. Shipman ..	Bowdon	93	26	67	67	8 ,,
Miss E. Rae-Jones ..	Whittington Barracks ..	93	28	65	73	8 ,,
Miss G. Lewis ..	Ashburnham	95	29	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. G. Zimmermann	Coulsdon Court ..	99	32	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. Gerrard ..	Worsley	101	35	66	74	8 ,,
Miss R. Shaw ..	Irvine	95	25	70	77	7 ,,
Mrs. McNabb ..	Shirley Park	94	26	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. M. E. Vaughan ..	Kenilworth	92	27	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. Wade	Nuneaton	91	28	63	70	7 ,,
Miss F. E. Stewart ..	Exmouth	93	29	64	71	7 ,,
Mrs. Powell	Eastonfields	98	31	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. S. M. Simon ..	Goodwood	98	33	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. T. Dinwiddy ..	Hampstead	100	35	65	72	7 ,,
Miss Nickton	North Oxford	100	36	64	71	7 ,,

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On (Continued from page D

BALLET

BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.—René Blum's company, with Fokine directing and dancing, has *L'Epreuve d'Amour*, *Don Juan*, *Scheherazade* and *Aubade* in its répertoire · Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CONCERTS

SOLOMON.—Last recital this season, in aid of "Save the Children Fund"; Bach, Couperin, Chopin, Beethoven: Queen's Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.30.

HIAWATHA.—The Royal Choral Society's dramatic version under Dr. Malcolm Sargent's direction: Albert Hall, 8.0. Sat., 2.30

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7

ROYAL HORSE SHOW.—Richmond, Thurs., 11th—Sat., 13th.

ALDERSHOT TATTOO.—Thurs., 11th, for ten days.

SPORT

To-day, 10th: Newbury Races; Curragh Races; Westchester Cup Polo at Hurlingham; May Races at Cambridge.

Thurs., 11th: Newbury Races; Curragh Races; May Races at Cambridge.

Fri., 12th: May Races at Cambridge.

Sat., 13th: Westchester Cup Polo at Hurlingham; North v. South Test Trial Cricket at Lord's; May Races at Cambridge.

Mon., 15th: Queen's Club Tennis Championship opens; Cambridge U. v. L.T.C., at Hurlingham; Wimbledon Qualifying opens at Hurlingham; Ranelagh Invitation Cup Polo.

Tues., 16th: Ascot Stakes Races; Cambridge U. v. All England tennis.

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TUESDAY, JULY 14—Concours d'Elegance Automobile under the auspices of "Figaro"

SUNDAY, JULY 19—AUTO RACE
SATURDAY, JULY 25 and SUNDAY, JULY 26—
Grand Prix de l'Aero Club de France
Coupe Armand Esders
(Deauville—Cannes—Deauville)

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* ROYAL HOTEL

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'Twixt Mendips and Cotswolds. City of historical interests. Equable Climate. Spa Waters.

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Devonshire Coast. Exmoor and Lorna Doone Country. Motoring, Riding, Fishing, Dancing, Walking.

SCARBOROUGH. *The Grand*
For the Yorkshire Coast and Moors. Motoring, Riding, Fishing, Dancing.

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Five classic Golf Courses near by. Turkish, Russian, Foam, Vapour, Seawater and Seaweed Baths, Massage, Electrical Treatment. Indoor Seawater Swimming Pool.

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ALWAYS FIRST CLASS

Cars with a Personality

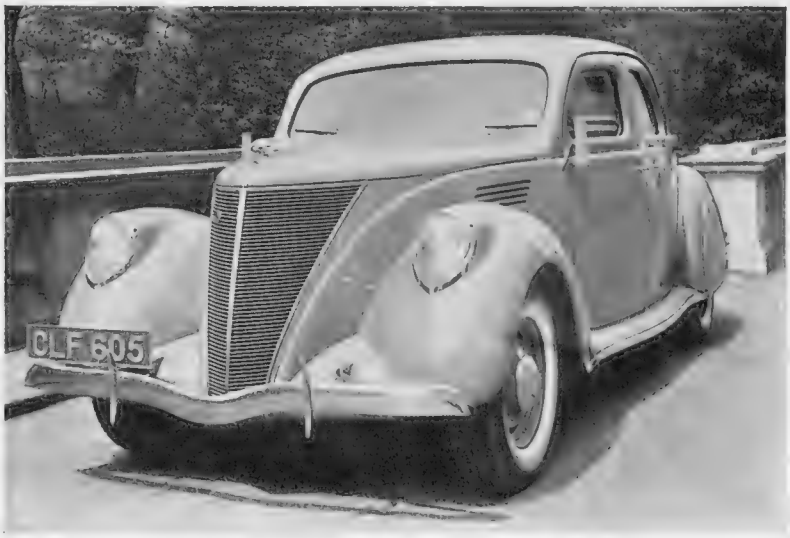
The 12-Cylinder Lincoln "Zephyr": By The Earl of Cardigan

IT needs only a glance at the new Lincoln "Zephyr" to see that it is a car of exceptional interest. In the first place, it is very markedly streamlined, and probably comes as near to achieving a true streamline form as any car ever will do which persists in carrying its engine conventionally at the front end of the chassis. Just because the streamlining comes so near to being scientific, it is also decidedly pleasing to the eye.

The engine being compact—wonderfully compact for a 12-cylinder unit—all the passengers are enabled to sit within the wheelbase, and thus to enjoy the best of the springing. There are no running-boards—with a low-built car there is no need for any—and thus the coachwork is of unusual width. Six people can be accommodated, sitting three abreast, in a perfectly comfortable manner.

HAVING noted these points, however, the most striking qualities of the "Zephyr" are still to be revealed. It is only on the open road that one begins to realise just what has been achieved by Lincoln originality allied to Ford resources. The "V-12" engine is rated at 37 h.p.; but it develops, with amazing smoothness, an actual horse-power of 110! The rate of acceleration is truly remarkable, as is the rapidity of the "pick-up" in top gear from a mere pottering pace.

As for speed, I will confess that I never succeeded, during my recent test run, in reaching the absolute maximum. On a considerable uphill slope, I was able to record 60 m.p.h. in second, and 80 m.p.h. in top gear. It is reasonable to suppose that, on the level, a good 85 or perhaps even 90 m.p.h. might be attained.



The front view is unusual, and decidedly impressive. The bonnet is hinged at the rear end and the "mascot" has the effect of a handle to open or close it

A very high cruising speed is naturally available. The "Zephyr" at 60 m.p.h. is scarcely beginning to exert itself. To the ordinary driver who likes to "get over the ground" without consciously hard driving, this cannot fail to be an immense attraction.

AMONG other features, the gear-box is a synchro-mesh unit, giving very easy engagement. The steering gives an

(Concluded on page x)

Paris

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228, rue de Rivoli

Facing the Tuileries Gardens

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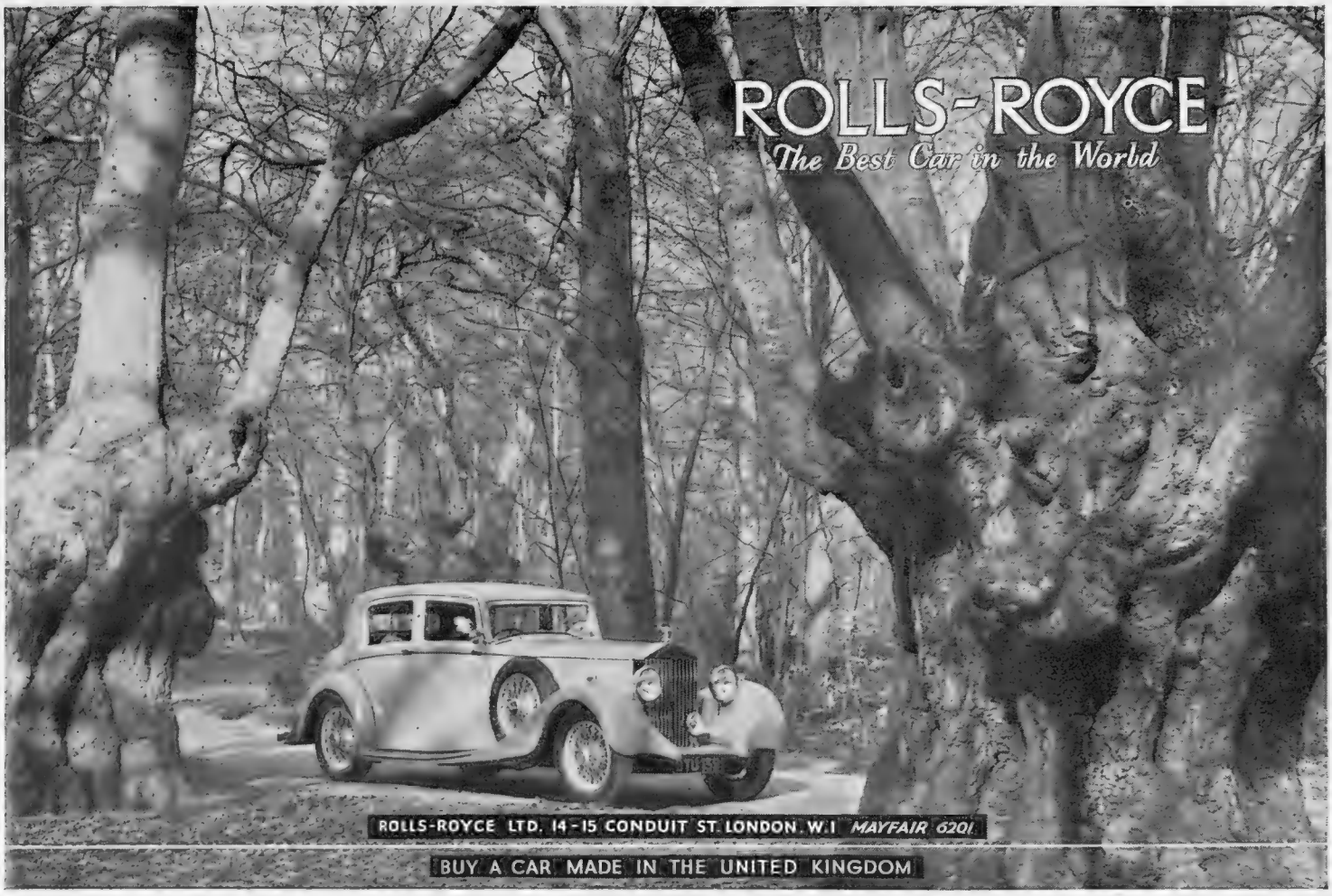
B. Vispaly, *Manager.*



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Carved red lacquer. Chinese; middle of the 18th century.
H. 3ft. 11 in., W. 4ft. 1½ in.
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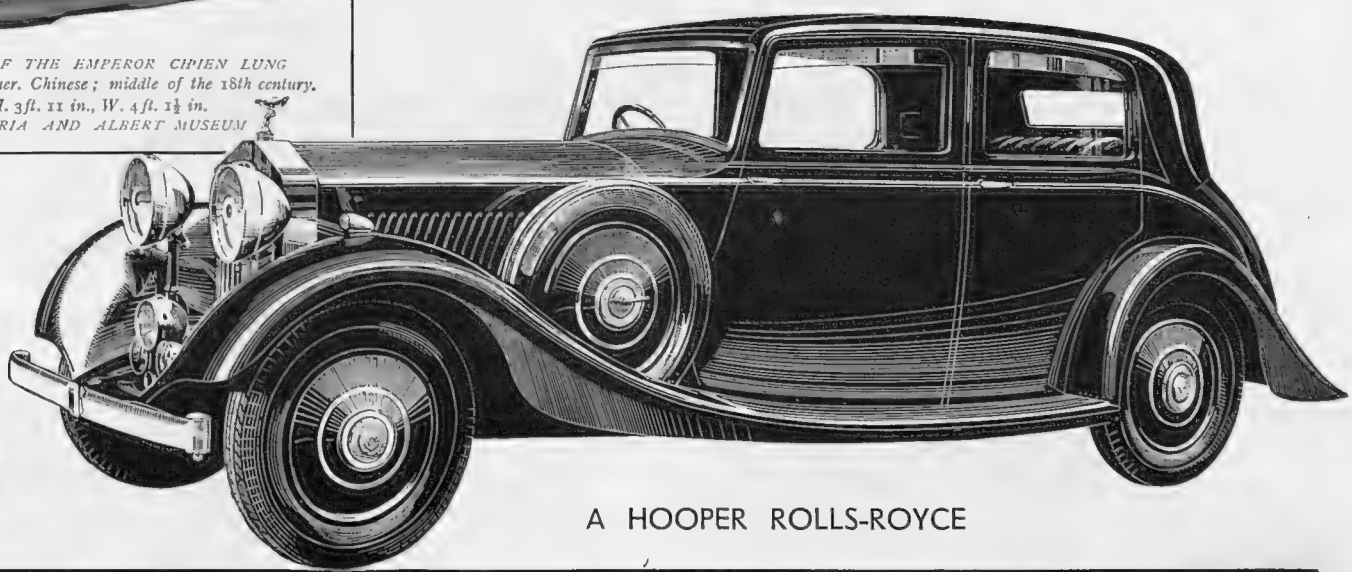

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

Cars With a Personality

(Continued from page viii)

excellently wide lock, and is light in operation. It is rather low-geared, but a helpful point is that there is plenty of self-centreing action.

The brakes do their work thoroughly well, and the springing, which is of the transverse type, is very comfortable. From the point of view of road-holding, indeed, some drivers will consider it to be rather too resilient. The hydraulic shock-absorbers, however, are capable of adjustment.

The seating arrangements are admirably planned, so that, even with six "up," the amount of space is luxurious. For so fast and powerful a car, the price is remarkably moderate—the two-door saloon being listed at £470 and the four-door model at only £10 more.

The engine, considering its twelve cylinders, is remarkably compact. The whole of the upper part is readily accessible, owing to the unusual design of the bonnet

Left: none of the space under the rear panel is wasted. At the extreme rear is a compartment for the spare wheel which is locked into position

Right: the squab of the wide back seat is hinged. When swung forward, this reveals a luggage-space of sufficient size to accommodate a number of suit cases

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25,000 meals provided daily.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Awdry Macnaghten

Is engaged to Anthony Teacher, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Teacher, of Spittal-on-Rule, Hawick; she is the third daughter of Brigadier-General F. B. and Mrs. Macnaghten, of Haygates, Finchampstead

Pearl Freeman

Beryl Hutchison

Is the only daughter of the late General Sir Alexander Hutchison and Lady Hutchison, of Fleet, Hants.; she is engaged to Lieut. K. C. M. Fleetwood, R.N., only son of Major and Mrs. Fleetwood, of Winding Wood Farm, Kintbury, Berks.

Pearl Freeman

Mavis MacKinnon

Is the younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. MacKinnon, of St. Ronan's Road, Southsea; she is engaged to Lieut. Geoffrey Russell Carver, R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Carver, of Highlands Shortheath, Farnham

Hay Wrightson

Nina Clare O'Neill

Is the daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady O'Neill, of The Moorings, Bushey, Herts.; she is engaged to Basil John Karslake, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry and Lady Karslake, of Burley, Hants.

Douglas

Gwladys Lloyd

Has announced her engagement to Ronald Murphy, The Buffs, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. X. Murphy, of Ashurst, Blackrock, Co. Dublin; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Lloyd, of Rangoon, Burma

Pearl Freeman

Leila Kennedy

Is the younger daughter of Admiral F. W. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Flint Lodge, Villiers Road, Southsea; she has announced her engagement to Captain Cyril Gough Richards, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Richards, of London

Bassano

Elizabeth Fleetwood-Hesketh

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Fleetwood-Hesketh, of Stocken Hall, Oakham; she is engaged to Brian FitzGerald, son of Lord and Lady Henry FitzGerald, of Stansted House, Essex

Douglas

Felicity Irvine

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn Irvine, of 91, Iverna Court, W.8; she is engaged to Lionel Brett, third son of the late Very Rev. H. R. Brett and Mrs. Brett, of 76, Longridge Road, S.W.5

Bassano

Josephine Sambrook

Josephine Bentham Sambrook, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilbert Sambrook, of Redwalls, Hayling Island, is engaged to Peter David Macdonald, of Bickley, Kent

Lafayette

Sonia Faskally

Is the daughter of Mr. Peter Faskally and Mme. Wunenburger, and granddaughter of Mrs. H. McCalmont; she is engaged to David Tennant, son of the late W. G. and the Hon. Mrs. Tennant

Lenare

Patience Henn-Collins

Is the second daughter of the Hon. Stephen and Mrs. Henn-Collins, of 28, Beaufort Gardens, S.W.3; she is engaged to Thomas Henry Lumley, of 30, Hans Road, S.W.3, son of Mr. E. Lumley and Mrs. T. J. Burrowes

John Flower

Lorraine Whitaker

Is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. Alan Bett, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Bett, of Bromeswell, Woodbridge, Suffolk; she is the daughter of the late Captain Harold Whitaker, and Mrs. Wills, of Villa As de Cœur, Knocke le Zoute, Belgium

Hassano

Sylvia Tylden

Is the eldest daughter of Captain J. R. Tylden, of Milstead Manor, Sittingbourne, and of Mrs. Tylden, of Cypress Cottage, Lyndhurst; she is engaged to Dr. Rex Binning, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Binning, of Arthur Road, Southampton

Lenare

Grizel Mary Grant

Is engaged to Anthony Robarts, second son of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Robarts, of Lillingstone-Dayrell House, Buckingham; she is the daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Philip and Lady Grant, of The Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants.

Lenare

Cecilia Martin-Smith

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Everard Martin-Smith, of Codicote Lodge, Herts.; she is engaged to Charles Hill-Wood, youngest son of Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Hill-Wood, of 52, Eaton Place, S.W.

Markes — Fulton

Diana Josephine Fulton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fulton, of 25, Courtfield Road, S.W., was married at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Charles Markes, son of the late Major Markes, and Mrs. Markes, of 15, Cheniston Gardens, S.W.

Furber — Crawfurd

Gwendolen Payne Crawfurd, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Crawfurd, of Merrows, Wescote Road, Reading, was married at Earley Church, near Reading, to Brian Furber, son of Dr. and Mrs. Furber, of Twyford, Berkshire

Platt-Mills — Cree

At the Temple Church, John Fortescue Platt-Mills, son of J. F. Mills and Dr. Platt-Mills, of Wellington, N.Z., married Janet Katherine Cree, second daughter of the late Crawford Cree and Mrs. Cree, of Thorn Cottage, Berkhamsted, Herts.

Macassey — Perry

Kenneth Macassey, elder son of Sir Kenneth and Lady Macassey, of 95, Sloane Street, S.W.1, and Evelyn Perry, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Perry, of Barton House, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Cuthbert — Lane

Right: Cholmeley Ransom Cuthbert, only son of the late Gordon Cuthbert, and Mrs. Cuthbert, of Penn, Bucks., and Dorothy Jane Lane, youngest daughter of the late J. H. V. Lane and the Hon. Mrs. Lane, of Redlands, Thakeham, Sussex, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 10 — June 16

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

AH, WILDERNESS!—Lord Longford's Irish company acts this lighter-moment play of Eugene O'Neill's; Paul Farrell and Ann Penhallow are excellent as parents of a very ordinary family: Ambassadors', 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Thea Holme and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Olga Lindo and Phyllis Konstam are in this amusing piece about a modest young woman who runs a family's home and home-life: Duke of York's, 8.30.

MY SON'S MY SON.—D. H. Lawrence's play, based on *Sons and Lovers*; Louise Hampton is the mother, Gyles Isham and Valentine Dyall her sons: Playhouse, 8.45. Wed., Fri., 2.45.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's series of sketches has new additions, and make the best light entertainment going, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 77.—The ballet is about Gretna Green, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes; scenes at Ascot, Stafford and Marnitz's piano act, Eric Woodburn's dramatic dialogue all contribute to the non-stop show: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

RISE AND SHINE.—An extravagant and glittering show; sets in England and "Moronia," Irene Browne inimitable as a duchess, Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting sparkling as the leads; good chorus singing: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SCHNOZZLE DURANTE.—Heads the variety show, with Naunton Wayne as compère: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Bella and Samuel Spewack's play is a light-hearted skit on Hollywood cœurs et mœurs with Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHILDREN TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—Effective entertainment from a heavy-handed plot; Paul Cavanagh is a Puritanian king incognito at a house-party which includes Nora Swinburne: Daly's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Haymarket, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler outwits the adventurer Nicholas Hannen on board the liner where this play runs: Royalty, 8.30.

First Nights

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Carol Goodner, Felix Aylmer, Rex Harrison and Coral Brown in a play set in Norway: St. Martin's, to-night, 10th.

KIND LADY.—Sybil Thorndike is the lady in question, trapped in her own house. A macabre play from Walpole's *The Silver Mask*: Lyric, Thurs., 11th.

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The Fourth London Season, with the L.P.O.: Covent Garden, Mon., 15th.

CINEMAS

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.—Starring the Dionne Quins, with Jean Hersholt as the lead of the human story built up round them: Tivoli.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.—Baroness Orczy's novel makes a glamorous, cosmopolitan spy-film, with Sybille Schmitz and Kark Ludwig Diehl: Curzon.

DIE EWIGE MASKE (*The Eternal Mask*).—A film of psychological research and the subconscious world—first from a new Swiss unit. Plenty of food for thought: Academy.

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD.—A slick detective piece in *The Thin Man* style, dealing with crime on the race-course; William Powell and Jean Arthur are the stars: Carlton.

THE LITTLEST REBEL.—The new Shirley Temple film—a story of the American Civil War—has John Boles and Karen Morley in support of the child star; a colourful piece of work: New Gallery.

THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL.—Made from Rafael Sabatini's story; Hazel Terry is the fleeing aristocrat maiden, Hugh Sinclair her protector; English film—Karl Grune directed: Leicester Square.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Marble Arch Pavilion.

NEXT TIME WE LIVE.—A complicated plot of separations and misunderstandings, with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart (a newish star) as the pawns of fate: Regal.

SHOW BOAT.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Empire.

THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR.—Exciting chases and forced landings while flying from Salt Lake to San Francisco brings Fred McMurray and Joan Bennett to each other's arms and some criminals to book: Plaza.

TWO'S COMPANY.—Gordon Harker and his American counterpart, Ned Sparks, in a wisecracking British comedy: London Pavilion.

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YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.—Mon., 15th, 8.

RUDDIGORE.—Tues., 16th, 8.

(*Continued on page* vii)

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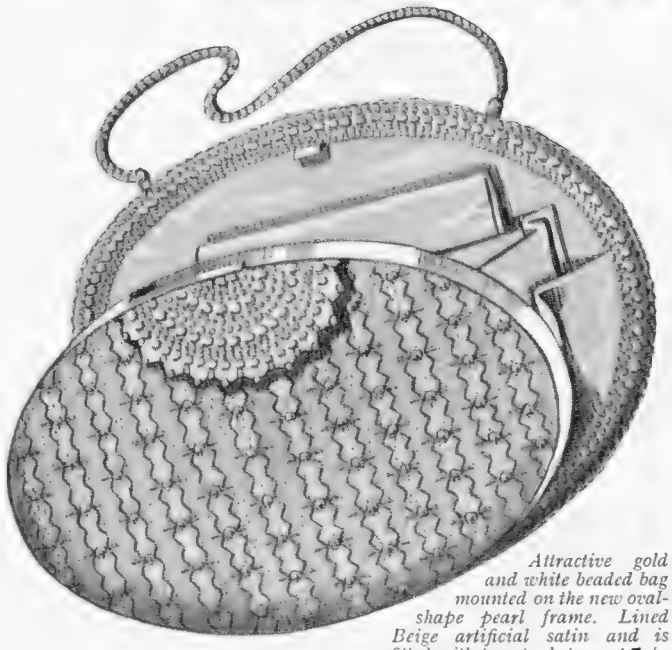

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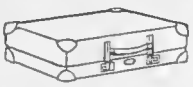

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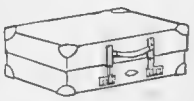

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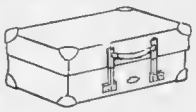

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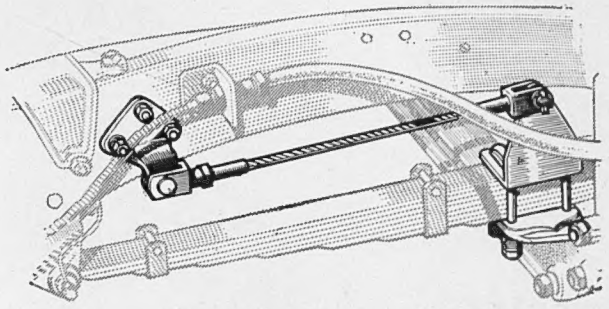

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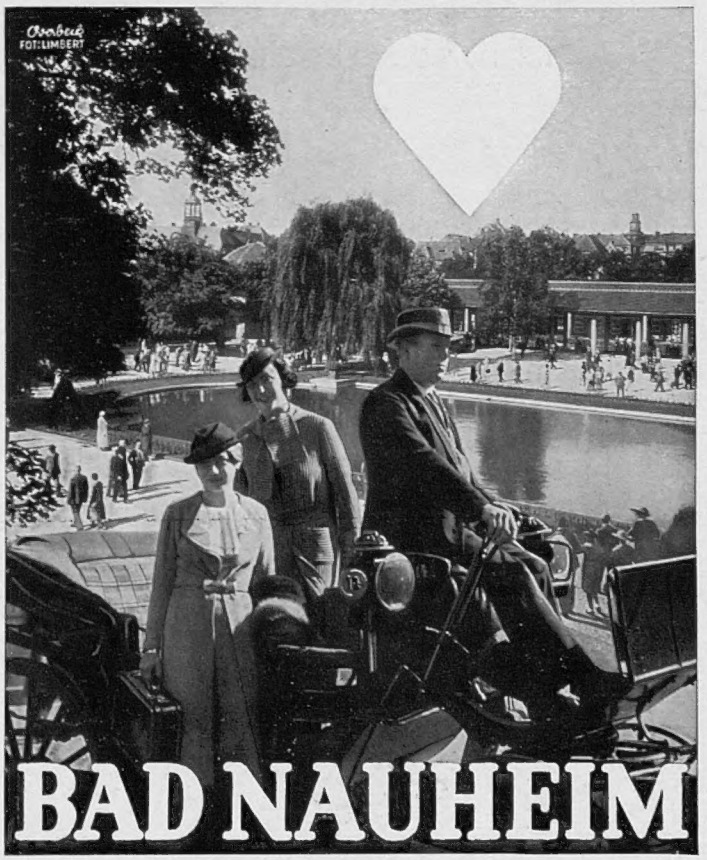

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